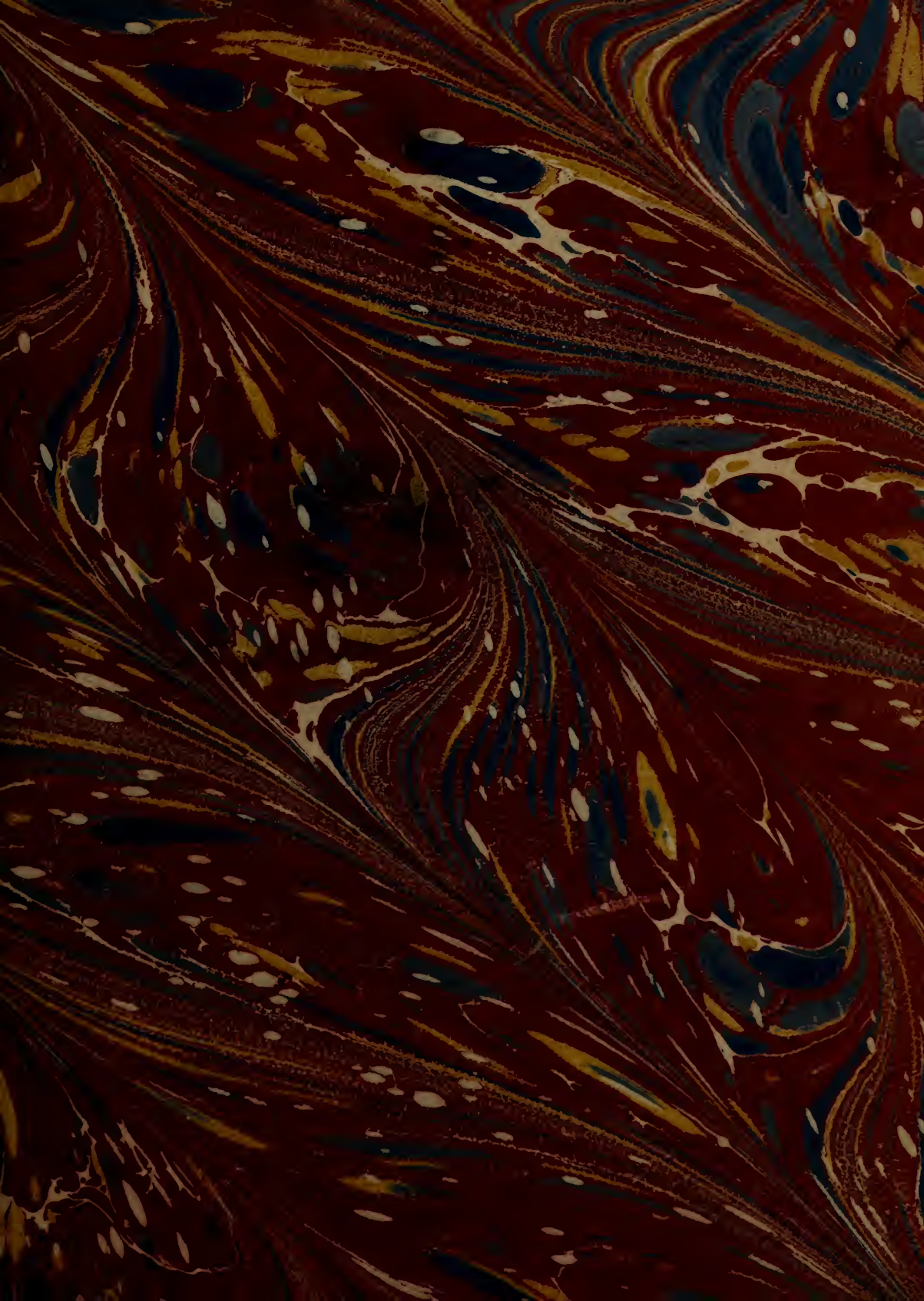

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET Prince of Denmark:

As it is now Acted by Her MAJESTIES Servants.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

Printed for *Rich. Wellington*, at the *Dolphin* and *Crown* in *Paul*'s Church-Yard, and *E. Rumball* in *Covent-Garden.* 1703.

To the Reader.

THis Play being too long to be conveniently Acted, ſuch places as might be leaſt prejudicial to the Plot or Senſe, are left out upon the Stage: but that we may no way wrong the incomparable Author, are here inſerted according to the Original Copy with this Mark "

THE

The Persons Represented.

Claudius King of *Denmark*,	Mr. *Crosby*.
Hamlet, Son to the former King,	Mr. *Betterton*.
Horatio, *Hamlet*'s Friend,	Mr. *Smith*.
Marcellus, an Officer,	Mr. *Lee*.
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain,	Mr. *Noake*.
Voltimand.	
Cornelius.	
Laertes, Son to *Polonius*,	Mr. *Young*.
Rynaldo.	
Rosencraus, } two Courtiers,	Mr. *Norris*.
Guildenstern, }	Mr. *Cademan*.
Cum aliis.	
Lucianus.	
Fortinbrass, King of *Norway*,	Mr. *Percival*.
Ostrick, a fantastical Courtier,	Mr. *Jevan*.
Barnardo, } two Centinels,	Mr. *Rathband*.
Francisco, }	Mr. *Floyd*.
Ghost of *Hamlet*'s Father,	Mr. *Medburn*.
Two Grave-makers,	Mr. *Undril*. / Mr. *Williams*.
Gertrard, Queen of *Denmark*,	Mrs. *Shadwel*.
Ophelia, in Love with *Hamlet*,	Mrs. *Betterton*.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET PRINCE of *DENMARK*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Barnardo *and* Francisco, *two Sentinels.*

Bar. WHo's there?

Fran. Nay answer me, stand and unfold your self.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. *Barnardo*?-

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bar. 'Tis now struck twelve: get thee to bed, *Francisco.*

Fran. For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:
If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand ho, who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Liege-men to the *Dane.*

Fran. Good night.

Mar. O farewel honest Souldiers; who has relieved you?

Fran. *Barnardo* has my place: good night. [*Exit. Fran.*

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo.*

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A piece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Hora. What, has this thing appear'd again to night?
Bar. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſays 'tis but a phantaſie,
And will not let Belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreadful ſight twice ſeen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
" That if again this apparition come,
" He may approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.
" *Hora.* 'Twill not appear.
Bar. Sit down a while,
And let us once again aſſail your ears
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeen.
Hora. Well, let's down,
And let us hear *Barnardo* ſpeak of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame Star that's weſtward from the Pole,
Had made his courſe to enlighten that part of heaven
Where now it burns *Marcellus* and my ſelf,
The bell then beating one.

Enter *Ghoſt.*

Mar. Peace, break thee off, look where it comes again.
Bar. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead,
Mar. Thou art a Scholar, ſpeak to it *Horatio.*
Hor. Moſt like, it ſtartles me with fear and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio.*
Hor. What art thou that uſurpeſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majeſty of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometimes march? I charge thee ſpeak.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it ſtalks away.
Hor. Stay, ſpeak, ſpeak, I charge thee ſpeak. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.
Bar. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale:
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſie?
What think you of it?
Hora. I could not believe this,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy ſelf:

Such

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated.
" So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle
" He ſmote the ſleaded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and at the ſame hour,
With martial ſtalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hora. In what particular thought to work I know not,
But in the ſcope of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our State.
Mar. Pray ſit down and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch
So nightly toils the ſubject of the land,
' And with ſuch daily coſt of brazen Canon,
' And foreign Mart for implements of war?
' Why ſuch impreſs of ſhip-wrights, whoſe ſore task
' Does not divide the *Sunday* from the week?
' What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
' Makes the night joynt labour with the day?
' Who is't that can inform me?
Hora. That can I:
' At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo.——Our laſt King,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbraſs* of *Norway*,
' Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride,
Dar'd the to combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(' For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbraſs* who by a ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all theſe his lands,
' Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the Conquerour:
' Againſt the which a moity competent
' Was gaged by our King which had returned
' To the inheritance of *Fortinbraſs*,
' Had he been vanquiſher: as by the ſame compact,
' And carriage of the Articles deſign,
' His fell to *Hamlet*: now, ſir, young *Fortinbraſs*
' Of unimproved metal, hot, and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
Sharkt up a liſt of lawleſs Reſolutes,
' For food and diet to ſome Enterpriſe
' That hath a ſtomack in't, which is no other
' As it doth well appear unto our State,
' But to recover of us by ſtrong hand
' And Terms compulſatory, thoſe foreſaid lands
' So by his Father loſt: ,, and this I take it
Is the main motive of our preparations,

' The ſource of this our watch, and the chief head
' Of this Poſt-haſte, and romage in the land.
Bar. I think it be no other but even ſo:
Well may it ſort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King
That was and is the queſtion of theſe wars.
' *Hora.* A mote it is to trouble the minds eye.
' In the moſt high and flouriſhing ſtate of *Rome*,
' A little e're the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
' The graves ſtood tenantleſs, and the ſheeted dead
' Did ſqueak and gibber in the *Roman* ſtreets,
' As Stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
' Diſaſters in the Sun, and the moiſt Star,
' Upon whoſe influence *Neptunes* Empire ſtands
' Was ſick almoſt to Doomſday with eclipſe,
' And even the like precurſe of fierce events,
' As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates
' And Prologue to the *Omen* coming on,
' Have heaven and earth together demonſtrated
' Unto our Climatures and Countrymen. [*Enter Ghoſt.*
But ſoft, behold! lo where it comes again,
I'le croſs it though it blaſt me: Stay illuſion, [*He ſpreads*
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice, [*his arms.*
Speak to me: if there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me,
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy Countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O ſpeak:
Or if thou haſt uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth,
For which they ſay your ſpirits oft walk in death, [*The Cock crows.*
Speak of it, ſtay and ſpeak; ſtop it *Marcellus.*
Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my Partiſan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Bar. 'Tis here.
Hor. 'Tis here.
Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
We do it wrong being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of violence:
It is ever as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Bar. It was about to ſpeak when the Cock crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons: I have heard,
The Cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill ſounding throat

Awake

Awake the God of Day; and at his warning,
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hyes
To his confine; 'And of the truth herein
'This present Object made probation.
Mar. It faded at the Crowing of the Cock.
'Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
'Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
'This Bird of dawning singeth all night long,
'And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad,
'The nights are wholsome; then no Planets strike,
'No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm;
'So hallowed and so gracious is that Time.
'*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it:
But look, the Morn in russet Mantle clad
Walks o're the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill:
Break we our watch up, and, by my Advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to Night
Unto young *Hamlet*; perhaps
This Spirit dumb to us will speak to him.
'Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
'As needful in our Loves, fitting our Duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this Morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*

Flourish. *Enter* Claudius *King of* Denmark, Gertrard *the Queen, Council, as* Polonius, *and his Son* Laertes, Hamlet, *cum aliis.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brother's Death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our Hearts in Grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one Brow of Woe:
Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queen,
Th' Imperial Jointress to this warlike State,
Have we as 'twere with a defeated Joy,
'With an auspicious and dropping Eye,
'With Mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
'In equal Scale, weighing Delight and Dole,
Taken to Wife, nor have we herein barr'd
Your better Wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this Affair along (for all our thanks)
'Now follows that you know young *Fortinbras*,
'Holding a weak supposal of our Worth,
'Or thinking by our late dear Brother's Death

'Our

'Our ſtate to be diſ-joynt, and out of frame,
'Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
'He hath not failed to peſter us with meſſage,
'Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
'Loſt by his Father, with all bands of Law,
'To our moſt valiant brother. So much for him,
'Now for our ſelf, and for this time of meeting,
'Thus much the buſineſs is, we have here writ
'To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbraſs*,
'Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
'Of this his Nephew's purpoſe, to ſuppreſs
'His further Gate herein, in that the Levies,
'The Liſts, and full Proportions are all made
'Out of his Subjects: And we now diſpatch
'You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
'Ambaſſadors to old *Norway*,
'Who have no further perſonal Power
'Of Treaty with the King, more than the ſcope
'Of theſe dilated Articles allow.
'Farewel, and let your haſt commend your duty.
'*Cor. Vo.* In that and all things will we ſhew our duty.
'*King.* We doubt it nothing: heartily farewel.
Now *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit, what is't *Laertes*?
'You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the *Dane*,
'And loſe your voice: what would'ſt thou beg *Laertes*?
'That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking.
'The head is not more native to the heart,
'The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
'Than is the Throne of *Denmark*, to thy Father:
'What would'ſt thou have *Laertes*?
Laer. My dear Lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*,
From whence though willingly I came to *Denmark*,
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now, I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again toward *France*,
'And bow them to your gracious leave and favour.
King. Have you your Father's leave? what ſays *Polonius*?
Polo. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my ſlow leave,
By labourſome petition; and at laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
'I do beſeech you give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces; ſpend it at thy will.
But now my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſon.
Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.

King.

King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo much my Lord, I am too much in the Sun:
Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble Father in the duſt:
Thou know'ſt 'tis common all that live muſt die,
Paſſing through Nature to Eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, Madam, nay it is, I know not ſeems,
'Tis not alone this mourning cloke could ſmother,
'Nor cuſtomary ſutes of ſolemn black,
'Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
'No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
'Nor the dejected haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, modes, ſhapes of grief,
That can denote me truly; theſe indeed ſeem,
'For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which paſſes ſhew,
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning duties to your Father;
But you muſt know your Father loſt a Father:
That Father loſt, loſt his, and the ſurviver bound
In filial obligation for ſome term
To do obſequious ſorrow; but to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, dares expreſs
An impious ſtubbornneſs, 'tis unmanly grief,
'It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heaven,
'A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,
'An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd:
'For what we know muſt be, and is as common
'As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
'Why ſhould we in our peeviſh oppoſition
'Take it to heart? fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
'A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
'To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theam
'Is death of fathers, and who ſtill have cried
'From the firſt Coarſe till he that died to day,
'This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: and let the world take note
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne,
'And with no leſs nobility of love
'Than that which dearest father bears his ſon

'Do

'Do I impart toward you for your intent
'In going back to School to *Wittenberg*.
'It is moſt retrograde to our deſire,
'And we beſeech you bend you to remain
'Here in the Chear and comfort of our Eye,
Our chiefeſt Courtier, Couſin and our Son.
Queen. Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers, *Hamlet*.
I pray thee ſtay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Madam.
King. 'Tis a loving and a fair Reply.
Be as our ſelf in *Denmark*. Madam come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my Heart, in grace whereof,
No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks to day,
But the great Canon to the Clouds ſhall tell,
'And the Kings rowſe the Heaven ſhall bruit again,
Reſpeaking Earthly Thunder: Come away. [*Flouriſh, Exeunt all but*
Ham. O that this too too ſolid Fleſh would melt, [Hamlet.
Thaw and reſolve it ſelf into a dew,
Or that the everlaſting had not fixt
His Canon 'gainſt ſelf Slaughter!
How weary, ſtale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this World?
'Tis an unweeded Garden
That grows to Seed; things rank and groſs in Nature
Poſſeſs it meerly; that it ſhould come thus,
But two months Dead, nay, not ſo much, not two,
So excellent a King,
So loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the Winds of Heaven
Viſit her Face too roughly:
She us'd to hang on him,
As if encreaſe of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet within a Month,
Let me not think on't, Frailty thy name is Woman,
'A little month: or e're thoſe ſhooes were old,
'With which ſhe follow'd my poor Father's Body,
'Like *Niobe* all Tears, why ſhe,
'Heaven! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
'Would have mourn'd longer, married with my Uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to *Hercules*: within a month,
'E're yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
'Had left the fluſhing in her galled eyes,
'She married! O moſt wicked ſpeed to poſt
'With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets;
'It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

'But

'But break my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, *and* Barnardo.

Hor. Hail to your Lordſhip.

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well, *Horatio*, or I forget my ſelf.

Hor. The ſame, my Lord, and your poor ſervant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good Friend, I'le change that name with you;
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you (good even Sir.)
But what make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hor. A truant diſpoſition, my good Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo,
Nor ſhall you do my ear that violence,
To be a witneſs of your own report
Againſt your ſelf; I know you are no truant?
But what is your affair in *Elſenour*?
Wee'l teach you here to drink e're you depart.

Hora. My Lord I came to ſee your Father's Funeral.

Ham. I prethee do not mock me, fellow ſtudent,
I think it was to my Mother's Wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the Funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the Marriage Tables.
Would I had met my dereſt Foe in heaven
E're I had ſeen that day, *Horatio.*
My Father, methinks I ſee my Father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds Eye, *Horatio.*

Hora. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.

Hora. MyLord, I think I ſaw him yeſter-night.

Ham. Saw who?

Hora. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father!

Hora. Defer your admiration but a while
With an attentive ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witneſs of theſe Gentlemen,
This wonder to you.

Ham. Pray let me hear.

Hora. Two nights together had theſe Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
'In the dead vaſt and middle of the night
Been thus encounter'd: a figure like your Father,
And armed exactly, *Cap-a-pe*,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march

Goes ſlow and ſtately by them: thrice he walkt
By their oppreſt and fear ſurprized Eyes
Within this truncheons length, whilſt they diſtill'd
Almoſt to gelly with their fear,
Stand dumb and ſpeak not to him: this to me
They did impart in dreadful ſecreſie,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: 'I know your father,
'Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hora. My Lord, I did,
But anſwer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
It ſelf to motion, as it would ſpeak;
But even then the morning Cock crew loud,
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſt away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Hora. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it then our duty
To let you know it.
Ham. Indeed Sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?
All. We do my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd ſay you?
All. Arm'd, My Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. From head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hora. O Yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.
Ham. What? lookt he frowningly?
Hora. A countenance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hora. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hora. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hora. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like: ſtaid it long?
Hora. While one with moderate haſte might tell an hundred.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was griſled?

Hor.

Hor. It was as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.
Ham. I will watch to night,
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I war'nt it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon
I'll ſpeak to it though hell it ſelf ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it require your ſilence ſtill,
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So fare you well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll viſit you.
All. Our duty to your honour. [*Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loves as mine to you; farewell. [*Manet Hamlet.*
My father's Spirit in Arms, all is not well.
I doubt ſome foul play, would the night were come:
Till then ſit ſtill my Soul, foul deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth o'rewhelm them from mens Eyes. [*Exit.*

Enter Laertes, *and* Ophelia *his Siſter.*

Laer My neceſſaries are imbark't, farewel,
And ſiſter, as the winds give benefit
' And convey in Aſſiſtant, ,, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.
Ophel. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood,
A Violet in the youth and prime of Nature,
Forward, not permanent; ſweet, not laſting,
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute:
No more.
Ophel. No more but ſo.
Laer. Think it no more.
' For Nature creſſant does not grow alone,
' In thews and bulks, but as this Temple waxes,
' The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
' Grows wide withal: perhaps he loves you now,
' And now no ſoil nor cautel doth beſmerch
' The virtue of his will; but you muſt fear
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own.
He may not, as inferiour perſons do,
Beſtow himſelf: for on his choice depends
The ſafety and health of this whole ſtate,
' And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
' Unto the Voice and yielding of that body

'Whereof he is the head, then if he ſays he loves you,
'It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
'As he in his particular Act and Place
'May give his ſaying deed; which is no further
'Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh what loſs you honour may ſuſtain,
If with your credulous ear you hear his Songs,
'Or loſe your heart, or your chaſt treaſurer open
'To his unmaſtred importunity.
'Fear it *Ophelia*, fear it my dear ſiſter,
'And keep you in the rear of your affection,
'Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire:
'The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
'If ſhe unmask her beauty to the Moon:
'Virtue it ſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
'The canker galls the infant of the Spring
'Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd,
'And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
'Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
'Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear,
'Youth to it ſelf rebels though none elſe near.
Ophel. I ſhall the Effect of this good Leſſon keep
About my heart: But good brother
Do not as ſome ungracious Paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles like a Libertine,
Himſelf the Primroſe-path of dalliance treads,
'And reaks not his own reed. [*Enter Polonius.*
Laer. O fear me not;
I ſtay too long: "but here my Father comes.
'A double bleſſing is a double grace,
'Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Polo. Yet here *Laertes*? aboard, aboard for ſhame,
'The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,
'And you are ſtaid for. There my bleſſing with thee,
'And theſe few precepts in thy memory
'Look thou Character: Give thy thoughts no tongue,
'Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
'Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
'Thoſe friends thou haſt and their adoption tried,
'Grapple them unto thy Soul with hoops of ſteel,
'But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
'Of each new hatch'd unfledg'd courage: beware
'Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
'Bear't that th' oppoſer may beware of thee:
'Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
'Take each man's cenſure, but reſerve thy judgment:

'Coſtly

'Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
'But not expreſt in fancy; rich, nor gaudy;
'For the apparel oft proclaims theman,
'And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation,
'Are of a moſt ſelect and generous, chief in that:
'Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
'For love oft loſes both it ſelf and friend,
'And Borrowing dulls the Edge of Husbandry.
'This above all, to thine own ſelf be true,
'And it muſt follow as the night to day,
'Thou canſt not then be falſeto any man.
'Farewel, my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.

Laer. Moſt humbly I do take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The time inveſts you, go, your ſervants tend.

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.

Ophel. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelf ſhall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [*Exit Laertes.*

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath ſaid to you?

Ophel. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet.*

Pol. Marry well bethought.
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you your ſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you
You do not underſtand your ſelf ſo clearly
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Ophel. He hath, my Lord, of late made many tenders
Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh, you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perillous circumſtance:
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Ophel. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould think.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, think your ſelf a baby,
That you have ta'ne theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling: tender your ſelf more dearly,
Or (not to crack the wind of this poor phraſe)
Wrong it thus, you'l tender me a fool.

Ophel My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable faſhion.

Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophel. And hath given countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord, with almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. I ſpringes to catch Wood-cocks; I know
When the Blood burns how prodigally the Soul Lends

Lends the tongue vows, " these blazes, daughter,
' Giving more light than heat; Extinct in both,
' Even in their promise, as it is a making,
' You must not take't for fire: from this time
' Be something scanter of your maiden presence,
' Set your entreatments at a higher rate
' Than a command to parley; for Lord *Hamlet*,
' Believe so much in him, that he is young,
' And with a larger tedder may he walk
' Than may be given you: in few, *Ophelia*,
' Do not believe his vows, for they are Brokers,
' Not of that dye which their investments shew,
' But meer Implorators of unholy suits,
' Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
' The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
Have you so slander any moments leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Look to't I charge you, come your ways.

Ophel. I shall obey, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold.

Hora. It is a nipping, and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hora. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hora. I heard it not: it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. [*A flourish of Trumpets and Guns.*
What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth walk to night and takes his rowse,
' Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up spring reels,
And as he takes his draughts of Rhenish down,
The Kettle-Drum and Trumpet thus proclaim
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custom?

Ham. I marry is't,
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour d in the breach than the observance:
' This heavy-headed revel East and West
' Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other nations:
' They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish phrase
' Soil our addition: and indeed it takes
' From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
' The pith and marrow of our attribute:
' So oft it chances in particular men,
' That for some vicious mole of Nature in them,

' As

'As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
'(Since Nature cannot choose his origen)
'By their o're-growth of some complection,
'Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
'Or by some habit that too much o're-leavens
'The form of plausive manners, that these men
'Carrying I say the stamp of one defect,
'Being Natures livery, or Fortunes star,
'His virtues else be they as pure as grace,
'As infinite as man may undergo,
'Shall in the general Censure take corruption
'From that particular fault: the dram of ease
'Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
'To his own scandal. [*Enter Ghost.*

Hora. Look, my Lord, where it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!
'Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
'Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
'Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
'Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
'That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
'King, Father, royal *Dane*: O answer me.
'Let me not burst in ignorance but tell
'Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
'Have burst their cerements: why the Sepulchre,
'Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
'Has op't his ponderous and marble jaws,
'To cast thee up again: ,,what may this mean
That thou dead coarse again in compleat steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the Moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls?
Say why is this? wherefore? what should we do? [*Beckons.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a remote ground,
But do not go with it.

Hora. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak, then I will follow it.

Hora. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why? what should be the fear?
I do not value my life:
And for my Soul what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as it self?

It

It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the floods, my Lord,
Or to the dreadful border of the cliff,
'That bettels o're his base into the Sea,
And there assume some other form,
'Which might deprive your soveraignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? 'think of it,
'The very place puts toys of desperation
'Without more motive, into every brain,
'That looks so many fadoms to the Sea,
'And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still,
'Go on I'le follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* Lion's Nerve:
Still I am call'd; unhand me, Gentlemen,
I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away: Go on, I'll follow thee. [*Exit Ghost and* Hamlet.
Hora. He grows desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmark*.
Hora Heaven will discover it.
'*Mar.* Nay let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up my self.
Ham. Alas! poor Ghost.
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge what thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy Father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand an end
Like quills upon the fearful Porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood: liſt, liſt, O liſt,
If thou didſt ever thy dear Father love.
Ham. O heaven!
Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder.
Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is:
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haſte me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May flie to my Revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
' And duller ſhoud'ſt thou be than the fat weed
' That roots it ſelf in eaſe on *Lethe*'s wharf,
' Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this: ,, now *Hamlet* hear,
'Tis given out, that ſleeping in my Garden
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo the whole Ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abuſed: but know thou, Noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy Father's heart
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my Prophetick Soul, my Uncle?
Ghoſt. I, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
' With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
' O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
' So to ſeduce! ,, won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queen.
O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage? and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine; ' but virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
' Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heaven;
' So vice, though to a radiant angel linkt,
' Will ſort it ſelf in a celeſtial bed,
' And prey on garbage.
But ſoft, methinks I ſcent the morning air,
Brief let me be: ſleeping in my Garden,
My Cuſtom always of the Afternoon,

Upon my ſecure hour thy Uncle to me ſtole
With juice of curſed Hebona in a Vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leprous diſtilment, whoſe Effects
Hold ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſilver it courſes through
The natural gates and allies of the body,
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſeſs
' And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſom blood; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant Tetter barkt about
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
' Of Life, of Crown, of Queen at once diſpatcht,
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
' Unnuzled, diſappointed, un-aneald,
' No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
' With all my imperfections on my head.
' O horrible, O horrible, moſt horrible!
If thou haſt Nature in thee bear it not,
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſueſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul deſign
Againſt thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her: fare thee well at once,
The Glo-worm ſhews the morning to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Farewel, remember me.
' *Ham.* O all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! what elſe?
' And ſhall I couple hell? O fie! ,, hold hold my heart,
And you my ſinews grow not inſtant old,
But bear me ſtrongly up; remember thee!
I, thou poor Ghoſt, whiles memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted Globe: remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All Regiſters of books, all forms and preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixt with baſer matter; yes, by heaven.
O moſt pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, ſmiling villain!
My tables, meet it is I ſit down,

That

That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in *Denmark*,
So Uncle there you are: now to my word,
It is farewel, remember me.
I have ſworn't. [*Enter* Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*

Hora. Heavens ſecure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy, come and come.

Mar. How is't my Noble Lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reveal it.

Hora. Not I, my Lord.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be ſecret.

Both. As death, my Lord.

Ham. There's never a villain
Dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an Arrant knave.

Hora. There needs no Ghoſt, my Lord, come from the Grave
To tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And ſo without more circumſtance at all
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part;
You as your buſineſs and deſire ſhall point you;
For every man hath buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is; and for my own poor part
I will go pray.

Hora. Theſe are but wild and windy words, my Lord.

Ham. I am ſorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith, heartily.

Hora. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is, *Horatio*,
And much offence too: touching this viſion here,
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you;
For your deſire to know what is between us
O're maſter't as you may: and now, good friends,
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Souldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.

Hora. What is't my Lord, we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but ſwear't.

Hora. In faith, my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my Sword.
' *Mar.* We have ſworn, my Lord, already.
' *Ham.* Indeed upon my Sword, indeed.

[*Ghoſt cries under the Stage.*

Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there true-penny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the Selleridge,
Conſent to ſwear.
Hor. Propoſe the Oath, my Lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my Sword.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. *Hic & ubique*, then we'll ſhift our ground:
Come hither, hither, Gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my Sword:
Swear by my Sword,
Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard.
Ghoſt. Swear by his Sword.
Ham. Well ſaid, old Mole, canſt thou work i'th'earth ſo faſt?
A worthy Pioner, once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night! but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome:
There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dream't of in your Philoſophy: but come,
Here as before; never, ſo help you mercy,
(How ſtrange or odd ſo e're I bear my ſelf,
As I perchance hereafter ſhall think meet,
To put an antick diſpoſition on,
That you at ſuch times ſeeing me, never ſhall
With arms encumbred thus, or head thus ſhak't,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, well, well, we know, or we could, and if we would,
Or if we liſt to ſpeak, or there be, or if they might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out, to note)
That you know ought of me, this you muſt ſwear,
' So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you.'
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen
With all my love I do commend me to you,
And what ſo poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do t'expreſs his love and friendſhip to you
Shall never fail, let us go in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray,
The time is out of joynt, O curſed ſpight

That

That ever I was born to ſet it right!
Nay come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Polonius *with his Man.*

'*Pol.* GIve him this money, and theſe two notes, *Reynaldo.*
'*Rey.* I will, my Lord.
'*Pol.* You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good *Reynaldo,*
'Before you viſit him, to make enquiry
'Of his behaviour.
'*Rey.* My Lord I did intend it.
'*Pol.* Marry well ſaid, very well ſaid, look you Sir,
'Enquire me firſt what *Danskers* are in *Paris*,
'And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
'What company, at what expence: and finding
'By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
'That they do know my Son, come you more near,
'Then your particular demands will touch it,
'Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
'As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
'And in part him: Do you mark this, *Reynaldo*?
'*Rey.* I very well, my Lord.
'*Pol.* And in part him, but you may ſay not well,
'But if it be he I mean, he's very wild,
'Addicted ſo and ſo, and there put on him
'What forgeries you pleaſe, marry none ſo Rank
'As may diſhonour him, take heed of that;
'But Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips
'As are companions noted and moſt known
'To youth and liberty.
'*Rey.* As gaming, my Lord.
'*Pol* I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
'Quarrelling, drabbing, you may go ſo far.
'*Rey.* My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
'*Pol.* Faith as you may ſeaſon it in the Charge.
'You muſt not put another ſcandal on him,
'That he is open to incontinency,
'That's not my meaning, but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
'That they may ſeem the taints of liberty,
'The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind,
'A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed blood
'Of general aſſault.

'*Rey.*

'*Rey.* But, my good Lord.
'*Pol.* Wherefore ſhould you do this?
'*Rey.* I, my Lord, I would know that.
'*Pol* Marry, Sir, here's my drift,
'And I believe it is a fetch of wit.
'You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my Son,
'As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd with working,
'Mark you your party in converſe, he you would ſound,
'Having ever ſeen in the prenominate crimes
'The youth you breath off guilty, be aſſur'd
'He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
'Good Sir (or ſo) or Friend, or Gentleman,
'According to the phraſe or the addition
'Of Man and Country.
'*Rey.* Very good, my Lord.
'*Pol.* And then, Sir, does he this, he does: what was I about to ſay?
'By the Maſs I was about to ſay ſomething,
'Where did I leave?
'*Rey.* At cloſes in the conſequence.
'*Pol.* At cloſes in the conſequence; I marry,
'He cloſes thus, I know the Gentleman,
'I ſaw him yeſterday, or th' other day,
'Or then, or then, with ſuch or ſuch, and, as you ſay,
'There was he gaming there, or took in's rowſe,
'There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
'I ſaw him enter ſuch and ſuch a houſe of ſale,
'*Videlicet*, a Brothel, or ſo forth. See you now,
'Your bait of falſhood takes this Carp of truth,
'And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
'With windleſſes, and with eſſays of byas,
'By indirects find directions out:
'So by my former Lecture and Advice
'Shall you my Son. You have me, have you not?
'*Rey.* My Lord, I have.
'*Pol.* God buy ye, fare ye well.
'*Rey* Good, my Lord.
'*Pol.* Obſerve his inclination in your ſelf.
'*Rey.* I ſhall, my Lord.
'*Pol.* And let him ply his Muſick.
'*Rey.* Well, my Lord. [*Exit* Rey. *Enter* Ophelia.
'*Pol.* Farewell. „ How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Ophel. O, my Lord, my Lord! I have been ſo affrighted.
Pol. With what?
Ophel. My Lord, as I was reading in my cloſet,
Prince *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ſtockings loofe,
'Ungartred, and down-gyved to his anckle,

Pale

Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo pitious
As if he had been ſent from hell
To ſpeak of horrours, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Ophel. My Lord I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Ophel. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o're his brow
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face
As he would draw it: long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raiſed a ſigh ſo pitious and profound
As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being; that done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his ſhoulders turn'd
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King,
This is the very extaſie of love,
'Whoſe violent property foregoes it ſelf,
'And leads the will to deſperate undertakings,
'As oft as any paſſion under heaven
'That does afflict our natures: I am ſorry;
What? have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me
Pol. That hath made him mad:
'I am ſorry that with better heed and judgment
'I had not quoated him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
'And meant to wrack thee, but beſhrew my jealouſie;
'By heaven it is as proper to our Age
'To caſt beyond our ſelves in our opinions,
'As it is common for the younger ſort
'To lack diſcretion: 'Come, go with me to the King,
This muſt be known, which being kept cloſe might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Queen, Roſencraus *and* Guildenſtern.

King. Welcome good *Roſencraus* and *Guildenſtern.*
Beſides, that we did long to ſee you,
The need we have to uſe you did provoke

Our

Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlet*'s transformation, so call it;
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: what it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
'And sith so neighboured to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres; if it will please you
To shew us so much gentleness and good-will,
As to employ your time with us a while
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might by the Sovereign power you have over us
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to intreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And hear give up our selves in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks *Rosencraus* and gentle *Guildenstern.*

Queen. Thanks *Guildenstern* and gentle *Rosencraus.*
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Son: go some of you,
And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him.

Queen. Amen. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.

Enter Polonius.

'*Pol.* Th' Embassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
'Are joyfully return'd.

'*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

'*Pol.* Have I, my Lord? I assure my good Liege
'I hold my duty as I hold my Soul,
'Both to my God, and to my gracious King:
'And " I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure

As

As it has us'd to do, that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s lunacy.
King. O ſpeak of that, that I do long to hear.
'*Pol*. Give firſt admittance to the ambaſſadors.
'My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.
'*King*. Thy ſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
'He tells me, my dear *Gertrard*, he hath found
'The head and ſource of all your Son's diſtemper.
'*Queen*. I doubt it is no other but the main,
'His father's death, and our haſty marriage.

Enter Embaſſadors.

'*King*. Well, we ſhall ſift him: welcome my good friends:
'Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
'*Vol*. Moſt fair return of greetings and deſires:
'Upon our firſt he ſent out to ſuppreſs
'His Nephew's lives, which to him appear'd
'To be a preparation againſt the *Pollack*,
'But better lookt into, he truly found
'It was againſt your Highneſs: whereat griev'd
'That ſo his ſickeſs, age, and impotence
'Was falſly born in hand, ſends out arreſts
'On *Fortinbraſs*, which he in brief obeys,
'Receives rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
'Makes vow before his Uncle, never more
'To give th' aſſay of arms againſt your Majeſty,
'Whereon old *Norway* overcome with joy,
'Gives him threeſcore thouſand Crowns in Annual fee,
'And his commiſſion to imploy thoſe Souldiers
'So levied as before, againſt the *Pollack*,
'With an intreaty herein further ſhown,
'That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
'Through your Dominions for this enterprize,
'On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance
'As herein are ſet down.
'*King*. It likes us well,
'And at our more conſidered time we'll Read,
'Anſwer, and think upon this Buſineſs:
'Mean time we thank you for your well took labour,
'Go to your reſt, at night we'll feaſt together:
'Moſt welcome home. [*Exeunt Embaſſadors.*
'*Pol*. This buſineſs is well ended.
My Liege and Madam, to expoſtulate
What Majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time;
Were nothing but to waſt night, day, and time;
Therefore brevity is the Soul of wit,
And tedioufneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes:

I will be brief: your noble Son is mad,
Mad call I it? for to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all,
That he's mad, 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewel it, for I will use no art:
Mad let us grant him then, and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Consider.
I have a daughter, have while she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this; now gather and surmise. [*Reads.*

To the Celestial and my Souls Idol, the most beautified Ophelia. *That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; Beautified is a vile phrase: but you shall hear, thus in her excellent white bosom, These* &c.

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet*, to her?

Pol. Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt that the Stars are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt that the Sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a lyar,
But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, *I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best beleive it: Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst this machine is to him,*

Hamlet

Pol. This in obedince hath my daughter shewn me,
And more concerning his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
'All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so: but what might you think
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me; what might you
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here think,
If I had plaid the Desk or Table-book,
'Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or lookt upon this love with idle sight,
What might you think? no, I went round to work,

And

And my Young Mistriſs thus I charg'd:
Lord *Hamlet* is a prince above thy ſphere,
This muſt not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock her ſelf from his reſort,
Admit no Meſſengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice;
And he repell'd, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell into a ſadneſs, then into a faſt,
'Thence to a watch, then into a weakneſs,
Thence to a lightneſs, and by this declenſion
Into the madneſs wherein he now raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I would fain know that,
That I have poſitively ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe,
If circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol Sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the Lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind the Arras then,
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fal'n thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a State,
But keep a Farm and Carters.

King. We will try it. [*Enter* Hamlet.

Queen. But look where ſadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beſeech you both away, [*Exit King and Queen.*
I'll board him preſently. O give me leave.
'How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

'*Ham.* Excellent well.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fiſh-monger.

Pol Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt my Lord?

Ham. I Sir, to be honeſt as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thouſand.

Pol. That is very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good

kiſſing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham Let her not walk i'th Sun, conception is a bleſſing, But as your daughter may conceive, friend look to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? ſtill harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at firſt, but ſaid I was a Fiſh-monger, he is far gone; and truely in my youth I ſuffered much extremity for Love, very near this: I'll ſpeak to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir; for the Satyrical Rogue ſays here, that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their Eyes purging thick Amber, and Plumb-tree Gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with moſt weak hams, all which, Sir, though I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down, for your ſelf, Sir, ſhall grow old, as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there is method in't, will you walk out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the Air; how pregnant ſometimes his replyes are! a happineſs that often madneſs hits on, "Which reaſon and ſanctity "could not ſo happily be delivered of. "I will leave him and my daughter. My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withal, except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guildenſtern *and* Roſencraus.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools.

Pol. You go to ſeek the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Roſ. Save you, Sir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Roſ. My moſt dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how doſt thou *Guildenſtern*? Ah *Roſencraus*, good lads, how do you both?

'*Roſ.* As the indifferent Children of the earth.

'*Guil.* Happy in that we are not ever happy on fortunes cap, 'We are not the very button.

'*Ham.* Nor the ſoles of her ſhooe.

'*Roſ.* Neither, my Lord.

'*Ham.* Then you live about her waſt, or in the middle of her favours.

'*Guil.* Faith in her privates we.

'*Ham.* In the ſecret pars of fortune, oh moſt true, ſhe is a Strumpet." What news?

Roſ. None, my Lord, but the world's grown honeſt.

Ham.

Ham. Then is Doomſ-day near: ſure your news is not true. But in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at *Elſenour*?

Roſ. To viſit you, my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you, 'And ſure dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half-penny: 'were you not ſent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, come, deal juſtly with me, come, come, nay ſpeak.

Guil What ſhould we ſay. my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to th' purpoſe you were ſent for, and there is a kind of confeſſion in your Looks, which your Modeſties have not craſt enough to coulour: I know the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, My Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowſhips, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever preferred love, and by what more dear, a better propoſer and charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no.

Roſ. What ſay you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you, if you love me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecreſie to the King and Queen moult no feather: I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, foregone all cuſtome of exerciſes, "and indeed it goes ſo heavily with my "diſpoſition, "that this goodly frame the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent Canopy the Air look you, this brave o're-hang'd firmament, this Majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man? how Noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in Action, how like an Angel! in apprehenſion, the beauty of the World, the paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? Man delights not me, nor Woman neither, though by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did ye laugh then, when I ſaid man delights not me?

Roſ. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten Entertainment the Players ſhall receive from you, we met them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King ſhall be welcome, his Majeſty ſhall have tribute of me, the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his ſoil and target, the lover ſhall not ſigh *Gratis*, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace, and the Lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't. What Players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take ſuch delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same Estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeed they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my Uncle is King of *Denmark*, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a piece for his Picture in little: there is something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could find it out.

[*A flourish.*

Guil. Shall we call the Players?

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsenour*, your hands: come then, th' appurtenance of welcome is Fashion and Ceremony, let me comply with you in this garb, "lest my extent to the Players, which I "tell you must shew fairly outwards, should more appear like Entertainment than yours; you are welcome: "but my Uncle-father, and Aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North-North-west, when the wind is Southerly I know a hawk from a hand-saw. [*Enter* Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenstern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer, that great Baby as you see is not yet out of his swadling-clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a Child.

Ham. I will prophesie that he comes to tell me of the Players, mark it: You say right, Sir, a Munday morning, 'twas then indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you when *Rosius* was an Actor in *Rome*.

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass.

Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral Scene, individable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautius* too light for the law of Wit and Liberty; these are the only men.

Ham. O *Jeptha* Judge of *Israel*, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair daughter and no more, the which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jeptha*?

What follows then, my Lord?

Ham.

'*Ham.* Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to paſs, 'as moſt like it was: ,, the firſt row of the Rubrick will ſhew you more, for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter Players.

Ham. You are welcome Maſters, welcome all, 'I am glad to ſee 'thee well, welcome good friends; 'oh old friend! why thy face is valanc'd ſince I ſaw thee laſt, com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmark*? what my young Lady and Miſtriſs! my Lady your Ladiſhip is nearer to heaven than when I ſaw you laſt by the altitude of a Chopine, I wiſh your voice, like a piece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: Maſters you are all welcome, we'll e'ne to't like friendly Faulkeners, fly at any thing we ſee, we'll have a ſpeech ſtraight, come give us a taſte of your quality, come a paſſionate Speech.

Players. What Speech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once, but it was never Acted, or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleaſed not the milion, 'twas a Caviary to the general, " but it was as I re-'ceived it and others, whoſe judgements in ſuch matters cried in the 'top of mine, an excellent Play, well digeſted in the Scenes, ſet down 'with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember one ſaid there were 'no Sallets in the lines to make the matter ſavoury, nor no matter 'in the phraſe that might indite the Author of Affection, but call'd 'it an honeſt method, as wholſome as ſweet, and by very much more 'handſome than fine; " one ſpeech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Æneas* talk to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially when he ſpeaks of *Priam*'s ſlaughter, if it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th' Hircanian Beaſt, 'tis not, it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whoſe ſable Arms,
Black as his purpoſe did the night reſemble,
'When he lay couched in th' ominous horſe,
'Hath now his dread and black complection ſmear'd
'With Heraldry more diſmal head to foot:
'Now is he total Gules, horridly trickt
'With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons,
'Bak'd and embaſted with the parching ſtreets,
'That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
'To their Lord's murder, roaſted in wrath and fire,
'And thus o're-ciſed with coagulate gore,
'With eyes like Carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
'Old granſire *Priam* ſeeks; ſo proceed you.

Pol. My Lord well ſpoken, with good accent and good diſcretion; So proceed.

Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too ſhort at Greeks his antick Sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal marcht,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide,

But

But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
Th' unnerved Father falls
' Seeming to fell this blow, with flaming top.
' Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
' Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* ear: for loe his Sword,
' Which was declining on the milky head
' Of reverend *Priam* seem'd i'th Air to stick,
' So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
' Lik a neutral to his will and matter,
' Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storm,
A silence in the Heavens, the racks stand still,
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: so after *Pyrrhus* pawse,
A rowled vengance sets him new awork,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Mars* his Armour, forg'd for proof etern,
With less remorse, than *Pyrrhus* bleeding Sword
Now falls on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet Fortune! ' all you Gods
' In general Synod take away her Power,
' Break all the Spokes and Felloes from her Wheel,
' And bowl the round Nave down the hill of Heaven,
' As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your Beard: prethee say on, he's for a jig, or a tale of Bawdry, or he Sleeps; say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who alas had seen the mobled Queen.

Ham. The mobled Queen!

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run bare-foot up and down threatning the flames,
A clout upon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe,
About her lank and all o're-teamed loyns,
A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up.
Who this had seen, with tongue in venome steept,
'Gainst fortunes State would Treason have pronounc'd:
' But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
' When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
' In mincing with his Sword her Husband's limbs,
' The instant burst of clamour that she made,
' Unless things mortal move them not at all,
' Would have made milch the burning Eyes of Heaven,
' And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's Eyes: prethee no more.

Ham.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon. Good my Lord will you ſee the Players well beſtowed, do you hear, let them be well uſed, for they are the abſtract and brief Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My Lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Much better, uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall ſcape whipping? uſe them after your own honour and dignity, the leſs they deſerve the more merit is in your bounty: Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends; we'll hear a Play to morrow; do'ſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. I, my Lord

Ham. We'll have't to morrow-night: you could for need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen lines, which I would ſet down and inſert in't, could you not?

Play I, my Lord.

Ham. Very well: follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you till night, you are welcome to *Elſenour*.

[*Exeunt* Pol. *and Players.*

Roſ. Good my Lord. [*Exit.*

'*Ham* I ſo, God buy to you; now am I alone,
O what a rouge and peſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his Soul to his own conceit,
That from her working all the viſage wand,
Tears in his Eyes, diſtraction in's Aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting
With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he ſhould weep for her? what would he do
Had he the motive, and that for paſſion
That I have? he would "drown the ſtage with tears,
' And cleave the general Ear with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty and appeal the free,
' Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
' The very faculties of Eyes and Ears; yet I,
' A dull and muddy melted raskal, peak
' Like *John*-a dreams, unpregnant of my cauſe,
' And can ſay nothing, no not for a King,
' Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
' A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?
' Who calls me villain, breaks my pate acroſs,
' Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,

' Twekes me by the Nose, gives me the Lye i'th' Throat
' As deep as to the Lungs? who does me this?
' Hah? s'wounds I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am Pigeon-liver'd, and lack Gall
To make oppression bitter, or e're this
I should have fatted all the region Kites
With this Slaves Offal: "bloody, bawdy villain,
' Remorseless, treachrous, lecherous, kindless villain.
' Why what an Ass am I? this is most brave,
' That I the Son of a dear Father murthered,
' Prompted to my revenge by Heaven and Hell,
' Must like a Whore unpack my heart with words,
' And fall a cursing like a very drab, stallion, fie upon't, foh.
' About my brains, " hum, I have heard
That guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Been strook so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions:
For Murther, though it have no Tongue will speak
' With most miraculous Organ, " I'll have these Players
Play something like the Murther of my Father
Before mine Uncle: I'll observe his looks,
' I'll tent him to the quick, if he do blench
' I know my course. " The Spirit that I have seen
May be a Devil, and the Devil may have power
To assume a pleasing shape, " yea and perhaps
' Out of my weakness and my melancholly,
' As he is very potent with such Spirits,
' Abuses me to damn me: " I'll have grounds
More relative than this, the Play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Guildenstern, *Lords.*

King. AND can you by no drift of Conference
Get from him, why he puts on this Confusion,
' Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
' With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,

But

But with a crafty Madneſs keeps aloof
' When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
' Of his true Eſtate.
Queen. Did he receive you well ?
Roſ. Moſt civilly.
Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Roſ. Unapt to queſtion; but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.
Queen. Did you invite him to any paſtime?
Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out that certain players
We o're-took on the way: of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it; they are here about the Court,
And as I think they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moſt true,
And he beſeecht me to intreat your Majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me,
To hear him ſo inclin'd:
Good Gentlemen give him a further Edge,
And urge him to theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall, my Lord. [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guild.
King. Sweet *Gertrard* leave us two,
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he as 'twere by accident may meet
Ophelia here; her father and my ſelf
Will ſo beſtow our ſelves, that ſeeing and unſeen
We may of their encounter judge,
' And gather by him as he is behav'd.
If it be the Affliction of his Love or no
' That thus he ſuffers for.
Queen. I ſhall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlet*'s wildneſs, ſo ſhall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honours.
Ophel. Madam, I wiſh it may.
Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here whilſt we
(If ſo your Majeſty ſhall pleaſe) retire conceal'd; "read on this Book,
' That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
' Your lonelineſs: we are oft to blame in this,
' 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions viſage,
' And pious Action, we do ſugar o're
' The Devil himſelf.

' *King*. O 'tis too true :
' How ſmart a laſh that Speech doth give my Conſcience !
' The harlots check beautied with plaſtring Art,
' Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
' Than is my deed to my moſt painted word :
' O heavy burden ! [*Enter Hamlet.*

Pol. I hear him coming, withdraw, my Lord.

Ham. To be or not to be, that is the queſtion,
Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outragious fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them : to die to ſleep
No more : and by a ſleep to ſay we end
The heart-ake, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to ; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſht, to die to ſleep,
To ſleep perchance to dream, I there's the rub,
For in that ſleep of Death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil
Muſt give us pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life :
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſors wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpiſed love, and the laws delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When as himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life ?
But that the dread of ſomething after Death,
The undiſcover'd Country, from whoſe born
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
Thus Conſcience does make cowards,
And thus the healthful face of reſolution
Shews ſick and pale with thought :
And enterpriſes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of Action. Soft you now,
The fair *Ophelia*, Nymph, in thy Orizons
Be all my ſins remembred ?

Ophel. Good my Lord,
How does your honour for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Ophel. My Lord I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed to re-deliver,

I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gave you ought.

Ophel. My honoured Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compoſed,
As made theſe things more rich: their perfume loſt,
Take theſe again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honeſt?

Ophel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you fair?

Ophel. What means your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Ophel. Could beauty, my Lord, have better commerce
Than with honeſty.

Ham. I truly, for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty to his likeneſs: this was ſometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Ophel. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me, for vertue cannot ſo evacuate our old ſtock but we ſhall relliſh of it: I loved you not.

Ophel. I was the more deceived

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery, why wouldeſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am my ſelf indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my mother had not born me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in: What ſhould ſuch Fellows as I do crawling between Earth and Heaven? we are Arrant knaves, believe none of us, go thy ways to a Nunnery? where's your Father?

Ophel. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him,
That he may play the Fool no where but in's own houſe:
Farewell.

Ophel. O help him you Sweet Heavens.

Ham. If thou do'ſt Marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy dowry, be thou as Chaſte as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou ſhalt not ſcape calumny, get thee to a Nunnery, farewel. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, Marry a fool, for wiſe-men know well enough what monſters you make of them: to a Nunnery go, and quickly too, farewel.

Ophel. Heavenly Powers reſtore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough: Nature hath given you one face, and you make your ſelves another, you Jig and Amble, and you liſp, you nick-name Heavens Creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance; go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made

made me mad; I ſay we will have no more Marriages, thoſe that are Married already, all but one ſhall live, the reſt ſhall keep as they are: to a Nunnery go. [*Exit.*

Ophel. O what a Noble mind is here o'rethrown!
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, Eye, Tongue, Sword,
Th' expectation and Roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down,
And I of Ladies moſt deject and wretched.
'That ſuckt the honey of his Muſick vows;
Now ſee that Noble and moſt Sovereign reaſon
Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune and harſh,
That unmatcht Form and Stature of blown Youth
Blaſted with Extaſie. O woe is me
T' have ſeen what I have ſeen, ſee what I ſee! [*Exit.*

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his Affections do not that way tend,
For what he ſpake, though it lack form a little,
Was not like Madneſs, there's ſomething in his Soul
O're which his melancholly ſits on brood,
And I doubt the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which to prevent
I have in quick determination
Thus ſet down: he ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With varible objects ſhall expel
This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains ſtill beating,
Puts him thus from Faſhion of himſelf,
What think you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well:
But yet I do believe the Origen and Commencement of it,
Sprung from neglected Love: how now *Ophelia*?
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all: my Lord, do as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother alone intreat him
To ſhew his grief; "let her be round with him,"
And I'll be plac'd (ſo pleaſe you) in the Ear
Of all their Conference: if ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him, or Confine him where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo,
Madneſs in great ones muſt not unwatcht go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet *and three of the Players.*

'*Ham.* Speak the Speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you,
'ſmoothly

'ſmoothly from the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our Play-
'ers do, I had as live the Town-crier ſpoke my lines: nor do not ſaw
'the Air too much with your hand, thus, but uſe all gently; for in the
'very torrent-tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirl-wind of your paſſion
'you muſt acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs:
'O it offends me to the Soul, to hear a robuſtious Periwig-pated fel-
'low, tear a paſſion to very Rags, to ſplit the Ears of the ground-lings,
'who for the moſt part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb
'ſhews and noiſe: I would have ſuch a fellow whipt for o're-doing *Ter-*
'*magant*, it out-*Herods Herod*, pray you avoid it.

'*Play.* I warrant your Honour.

'*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own diſcretion be your
'Tutor; ſuite the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with
'this ſpecial obſervance, that you o're-ſtep not the modeſty of Nature;
'for any thing ſo o're-done, is from the purpoſe of Playing, whoſe end
'both at firſt, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to
'Nature, to ſhew Vertue her Feature, ſcorn her own image, and the
'very Age and Body of the time, his form and preſſure: now this over-
'done, or come tardy of, though it makes the Unskilful laugh, can-
'not but make the Judicious grieve; the Cenſure of which one,
'muſt in your Allowance o're-weigh a whole Theatre of others. O
'there be Players that I have ſeen Play, and heard others praiſe,
'and that highly, not to ſpeak it Profanely, that neither having
'the Accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor
'Men, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of
'Natures Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they
'imitated Humanity ſo abominably.

'*Play.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

'*Ham.* O reform it altogether, and let thoſe that play your Clowns
'ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them, for there be of them that
'will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren Spectators to
'laugh too, though in the mean time ſome Neceſſary queſtion of the Play
'be then to be conſidered: that's villanous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful am-
'bition in the Fool that uſes it: go, make you ready. "How now, my
Lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

Enter Polonius, Guildenſtern *and* Roſencraus.

Pol. And the *Queen* too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſt. Will you two help to haſten them.

Roſ. I, my Lord. [*Exeunt thoſe two.*

Ham. What ho, *Horatio*? [*Enter* Horatio.

Hora. Here, my Lord, at your Service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as juſt a man
As e're my Converſation met withal.

Hora. O my dear Lord.

Ham. Nay do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That haſt no Revenue but thy good Spirits

To

To feed and cloath thee? why ſhould the poor be flattered?
' No, let the candied Tongue lick abſurd pomp,
' And crook the pregnant hinges of the Knee
' Where thrift may follow fawning, do'ſt thou hear?
Since my dear Soul was Miſtriſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her Election,
Sh'ath ſeal'd thee for her ſelf: for thou haſt been
As one in ſuffering all that ſuffers nothing;
' A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
' Haſte ta'n with equal thanks: and bleſt are thoſe
' Whoſe Blood and Judgment are ſo well commedled
' That they are not a Pipe for fortune's finger,
' To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe: ' give me that man
That is not paſſions ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, I, in my heart of hearts
As I do thee. Something too much of this:
There is a play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the Circumſtance
Which I have told thee of my father's death;
I prethee when thou ſeeſt that Act on foot
Even with the very Comment of thy Soul
Obſerve my Uncle: if then his hidden guilt
Do not it ſelf diſcover in one Speech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeen,
' And my imaginations are as foul
' As *Vulcan*'s ſtithy: " give him heedful note,
For I mine Eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our Judgments joyn
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord,
If he ſteal ought the whilſt this Play is playing
And, ſcape detection, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are coming to the Play, I muſt be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Couſin *Hamlet*.

Ham. Excellent i'faith
Of the Cameleons diſh I Eat the Air,
Promiſe-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*,
Theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now, my Lord.
You play'd once in the Univerſity, you ſay.

Pol. That did I, my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. What did you Enact?

Pol. I did Enact *Julius Cæſar*. I was kill'd i'th' Capitol,
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill ſo Capital a Calf there. Be the Players ready?

Roſ. I, my Lord, they wait upon your patience.

Gert. Come hither my dear *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's metal more Attractive.

Pol. O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lie in your lap?

Ophel. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country matters?

'*Ophel.* I think nothing, my Lord.

'*Ham.* That's a fair thought to lie between Maids legs.

'*Ophel.* What is, my Lord?

'*Ham.* Nothing.

Ophel. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophel. I, my Lord.

Ham. Your only jig-maker, what ſhould a man do but be merry: for look you how chearfully my Mother looks, and my Father died within's two hours.

Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of ſables: O Heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great Man's Memory may out-live his Life half a year: but he muſt build Churches then, "or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking 'on, with the Hobby-horſe, whoſe Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horſe is forgot.

The Trumpets ſound. *Dumb ſhew follows.*

Enter a King and a Queen, the Queen Embracing him, and he her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck, he lies him down upon a bank of flowers, ſhe ſeeing him aſleep leaves him: Anon comes in another man, takes off his Crown, kiſſes it, pours poiſon in the ſleeper's Ears, and leaves him; the Queen returns, finds the King dead, makes paſſionate Action; the Poiſoner with ſome three or four comes in again, ſeems to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the Poiſoner wooes the Queen with gifts, ſhe ſeems harſh a while, but in the end accepts Love.

Ophel. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. It is munching *Mallico*, it means miſchief.

Ophel. Belike this ſhew imports the Argument of the Play.

'*Ham.* We ſhall know by this fellow. [*Enter Prologue.*
The Players cannot keep, they'l ſhew all ſtraight.

Ophel. Will he ſhew us what this ſhew meant?

Ham. I, or any ſhew that you will ſhew him, be not you aſham'd to ſhew, he'l not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Ophel. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy,
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?
Ophel. 'Tis brief, my Lord.
Ham. As womans Love.

Enter King and Queen.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gone round
'*Neptune*'s salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the Ground,
'And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed sheen
'About the world have twelve times thirty been,
Since love our Hearts and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite, infolding them in Sacred bands.
Queen. So many journies may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o're e're love be done:
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far different from your former State,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must.
For women fear too much, even as they Love,
'And womens fear and love hold quantity,
'Either none, in neither ought, or in Extremity.
Now what my love has been, proof makes you know,
And as my love is great, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
King. I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too,
My working powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For Husband shalt thou.———
Queen. O confound the rest!
Such Love must needs be Treason in my breast,
In second Husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second but who kill'd the first: [*Ham.* That's
The instances that Second marriage move, [Wormwood.
Are base respects of thrift, but none of Love:
'A second time I kill my Husband dead,
'When second Husband kisses me in bed.
King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break,
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent Birth and poor validity,
Which now like fruits unripe sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt:
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending doth the purpose lose;
'The violence of either grief or joy

'Their

'Their own enactures with themſelves deſtroy;
'Where joy moſt revels grief doth moſt lament:
'Grief joy, joy griefs on ſlender Accident.
This world is not for Aye, nor is it ſtrange,
That even our Loves ſhould with our Fortunes change:
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether Love lead fortune, or elſe fortune Love,
'The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
'The poor Advanc'd makes friends of Enemies:
'And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
'For who not needs ſhall never lack a Friend,
'And who in want a hallow friend doth try,
'Directly ſeaſons him his Enemy.
'But orderly to end where I begun,
'Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
'That our devices ſtill are overthown:
'Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Think ſtill thou wilt no ſecond Husband wed,
But thy thoughts die when thy firſt Lord is dead.

Queen. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
Sport and repoſe lock from me day and night,
'To deſperation turn my truſt and hope,
'And Anchors cheer in priſon be my ſcope,
'Each oppoſite that blanks the face of joy,
'Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy;
Both here and hence purſue me laſting ſtrife, [*Ham.* If ſhe ſhould
If once I widow be, and then a wife. [break it now.

King. 'Tis deeply Sworn: ſweet leave me here a while.
My Spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep.

Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come miſchance between us twain. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. Madam how like you this Play?

Queen. The Lady doth proteſt too much methinks.

Ham. O but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt, no offence.

King What do they call the Play?

Ham. The Mouſe-trap; marry how? tropically. This Play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his wife *Baptiſta*, you ſhall ſee anon, 'tis a Knaviſh piece of work, but what of that? your Majeſty and we ſhall have free Souls, it touches not us; let the galled Jade winch, our withers are unwrung. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King. [*Enter* Lucianus.

Ophel. You are as good as a *Chorus*, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love
If I could ſee the puppits dallying.

'*Ophel.* You are keen my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning to take off mine Edge.

Ophel. Still worſe and worſe.

'*Ham.* So you miſtake your Husbands. " Begin Murtherer, ' leave thy ' damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for ' revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Conſiderate ſeaſon, and no Creature ſeeing,
Thou mixture rank of midnight weeds collected
With *Hecats* bane, thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick, and dire property,
On wholſome lifts uſurps immediately.

Ham. He poiſons him i'th' Garden for his Eſtate, his name's *Gonzago*, the ſtory is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you ſhall ſee Anon how the Murtherer gets the Love of *Gonzago*'s Wife.

Ophel. The King riſes.

Queen. How fares, my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me ſome light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. [*Exeunt all but* Hamlet *and* Hora.

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungalled go Play,
For ſome muſt watch whilſt ſome muſt ſleep,
Thus runs the World away. " Would not this Sir, and a forreſt of fea- ' thers, if the reſt of my Fortune's turn Turk with me, with provincial ' Roſes on my raz'd ſhooes, get me a Fellowſhip in a City of Players

' *Hora.* Half a ſhare.

' *Ham.* A whole one, I
' For thou do'ſt know O *Damon* dear
' This Realm diſmantled was
' Of *Jove* himſelf, and now reigns here
' A very very Pecock.

Hora. You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghoſt's word for a thouſand pound. Didſt perceive?

Hora. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talking of the poiſoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ah, come ſome Muſick, come the Recorders,
' For if the King likes not the Comedy,
' Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
' Come, ſome Muſick.

Enter Roſencraus *and* Guildenſtern.

Guil. Good, my Lord vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole Hiſtory.

Guil. The King, Sir.

Ham. I Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous diſtempered.

Ham.

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdome should shew it self Richer to signifie this to the Docter; for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good, my Lord, put your discourse into some frame,
And start not so wildly from my business.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your Mother in most great Affliction of Spirit hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good, my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will do your Mothers Commandment, if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of the business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer, my wit's diseas'd, but Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command, or rather as you say, my Mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she says, your behaviour hath strook her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful Son that can thus astonish a Mother! but is there no sequel at the heels of this Mothers admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her Closet e're you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother; have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My Lord, you once did Love me.

Ham. And do still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good, my Lord, what is the cause of your distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack Advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your Succession in *Denmark*.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I Sir, but while the grass grows; the Proverb is something musty: oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you; why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my Love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that, will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me I cannot.

Ham.

Ham. I beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. It is as eaſie as lying; govern theſe ventages with your fingers and the thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt Eloquent muſick: look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I Command to any utterance of Harmony, I ave not the Skill.

Ham. Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops, you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery, you would ſound me from my loweſt note to my compaſs, and there is much Muſick, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak, do you think I am eaſier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud that's almoſt in ſhape of a Camel?

Pol. 'Tis like a Camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Wezel.

Pol. It is black like a Wezel.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by;
They fool me to the top of my bent. " I will come by and by;
' Leave me, friends.
' I will ſay ſo. By and by is eaſily ſaid.
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawn, and Hell it ſelf breaths out
Contagion to the World: now could I drink hot Blood,
And do ſuch buſineſs as day it ſelf
Would quake to look on: ſoft, now to my mother,
O heart loſe not thy Nature! let not ever
The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm Boſom!
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none,
' My Tongue and Soul in this be Hypocrites.
' How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
' To give them Seals never my Soul conſent. [*Exit.*

Enter King, Roſencraus, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us
To let his madneſs range; therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you,
The terms of our Eſtate may not endure
Hazzards ſo near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his brows.

Guil. We will our ſelves provide;

Moſt

Moſt Holy and Religious fear it is
To keep thoſe many Bodies ſafe
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.
'*Roſ.* The ſingle and pecular life is bound
' With all the Strength and Armour of the mind
' To keep it ſelf from Noyance, but much more
' That Spirit upon whoſe weal depends and reſts
' The lives of many: the ceſs of Majeſty
' Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
' What's near it with it: or it is a maſſie wheel,
' Fixt on the Somnet of the higheſt mount,
' To whoſe huge Spokes ten thouſand leſſer things
' Are morteis'd and adjoyn'd, which when it falls,
' Each ſmall annexment, petty Conſequence
' Attends the boiſtrous rain, never alone
' Did the King ſigh, but a general groan.
King. Arm you I pray you to this ſpeedy Voyage,
For we will Fetters put about this fear
Which now goes too free footed.
Roſ. We will make haſte. [*Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

'*Pol.* Sir, he's going to his mothers Cloſet,
Behind the Arras I'll convey my ſelf
To hear the Proceſs, I'll warrant ſhe'll tax him home;
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was is ſaid,
'Tis meet that ſome more Audience than a Mother,
Since nature makes them partial, ſhould o're-hear
Their ſpeech; fare you well my Liege,
I'll call upon you e're you go to bed,
And tell you what I hear. [*Exit.*
King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
O my offence is rank, it ſmells to Heaven,
It hath the Eldeſt curſe upon't;
A brother's Murther: pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pawſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect: what if this curſed hand
Were thicker than it ſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet Heavens
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in Prayer but this twofold force,
To be foreſtalled e're we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up:
My fault is paſt: but oh! what form of Prayer

Can

Can ſerve my turn? forgive me my foul Murther?
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the Murther,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen:
May one be pardoned and retain th' offence?
'In the corrupted currents of this World
'Offences guided hand may ſhew by juſtice,
And oft 'tis ſeen the wicked prize it ſelf
Buys out the Law; but 'tis not ſo above,
There is no ſhuffling, there the Action lies
In his true Nature, and we our ſelves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence: what then? what reſts?
Try what Repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate! O boſom black as death!
O limed Soul! that ſtruggling to be free
Art more engaged! help Angels, make aſſay,
Bow ſtubborn Knees, and Heart with ſtrings of ſteel
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new born-babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Where is this Murderer, he kneels and prays,
And now I'll do't, and ſo he goes to Heaven,
And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd;
He kill'd my Father, and for that
I his ſole Son ſend him
To Heaven,
Why this is a reward, ——— not revenge:
He took my father groſly, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blown as fluſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands who knows ſave Heaven?
But in our Circumſtances and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his Soul,
When he is fit and ſeaſoned for his paſſage?
No,
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid time,
When he is Drunk, Aſleep, or in his Rage,
Or in th' inceſtuous Pleaſures of his Bed,
At Game, a Swearing, or about ſome Act
That has no Reliſh of Salvation in't,
'Then trip him that his heels may kick at Heaven,
'And that his Soul may be damn'd and black
'As Hell whereto it goes: my Mother ſtays,
This Phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

King. My words flie up, my thoughts remain below,

Words

Words without thoughts never to Heaven go. [*Exit*.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ſtraight, look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll here conceal my ſelf,
Pray you be round. [*Enter* Hamlet.

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not,
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Queen. *Hamlet* thou haſt thy father much offended,

Ham. Mother you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle Tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked Tongue.

Queen. Why how now, *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood not ſo,
You are the Queen, your Husband's brother's Wife,
And would it were not ſo, you are my Mother.

Queen. Nay then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.

Ham. Come, come, and ſit down, you ſhall not budge,
You go not till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the utmoſt part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, ho.

Pol. What ho, help.

Ham. How now a Rat, dead for a Ducket, dead.

Pol. O I am ſlain.

Queen. O me, what haſt thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not, is it the King?

Queen. O what a raſh and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed, almoſt as bad, good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a King.

Ham. I, Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel,
I took thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou findeſt to be too buſie is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff,
'If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
'That it be proof and bulwark againſt Senſe.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy Tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?

Ham. Such an Act

That blurs the Grace and Blush of Modesty,
Calls vertue hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,
And sets a blister there, makes Marriage vows
As false as Dicers oaths: oh such a deed
As from the Body of Contraction plucks
The very Soul, and sweet Religion makes
A rapsody of words, "Heavens face does glow,
'Yea this solidity and compound mass,
'With heated visage as against the doom,
'Is thought-sick at the Act.
Ah me that Act!

Queen. Ay me, what Act!

Ham. That roars so loud, and thunders in the Index:
Look here upon this Picture, and on this
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;
See what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hiperions curls, the front of *Jove* himself,
An Eye like *Mars* to threaten and command,
'A station like the Herald *Mercury*
'New lighted on a Heaven-kissing hill,
A combination and form indeed
Where every God did seem to set his Seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband: look you now what follows,
Here is your Husband, like a mildew'd Ear,
Blasting his wholsome Brother: have you Eyes?
Could you on this fair Mountain love to feed,
And batten on this Moor? ha! have you Eyes?
You cannot call it Love, for at your Age
The heyday of the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the Judgment; and what Judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion, but sure that Sense
Is apoplext, for madness would not Err,
Nor Sense to extasie was ne're so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference: "what Devil was't
'That thus hath cozen'd you at hodman-blind?
'Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
'Ears without hands, or Eyes, smelling sans all,
'Or but a sickly part of one true Sense
'Could not so mope, 'Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her own fire, proclaim no shame

When

When the cumpulſive ardure gives the charge,
Since froſt it ſelf as Actively doth burn,
And reaſon pardons will.
Queen. O *Hamlet* ſpeak no more,
Thou turn'ſt my very Eyes into my Soul,
' And there I ſee ſuch black and grieved ſpots
' As will leave there their tinct.
Ham. Nay but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, " Honeying and making Love
' Over the naſty ſtye.
Queen. O ſpeak to me no more,
Theſe words like Daggers enter in mine Ears;
No more, ſweet *Hamlet.*
Ham. A murtherer and a villain,
A ſlave that's not the twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purſe of the Empire and the rule,
That from a ſhelf the precious Diadem ſtole:
And put it in his pocket. [*Enter Ghoſt.*
Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches.
Save me and hover o're me with your wings
You Heavenly guards: what would your gracious fire?
Queen. Alas! he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide?
That lap'ſt in time, and perſon lets go by
Th' important Acting of your dread command? O ſay!
Ghoſt. Do not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But look, amazement on thy Mother ſits,
O ſtep between her and her ſighing Soul!
Conceit in weakeſt Bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her *Hamlet.*
Ham. How is it with you, Lady?
Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your Eye on Vacancy,
And with th' incorporeal Air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your Eyes your Spirits wildly Peep,
And as the ſleeping Souldiers in th' Alarm,
Your hair
Starts up and ſtands an end: O gentle Son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he gleres,
His form and cauſe conjoyn'd, preaching to ſtones
Would make them capable; do not look upon me,
Leſt with this piteous Action you convert

My ſtern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true colour, tears perchance for Blood.
Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?
Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is here I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but our ſelves.
Ham. Why look you there, look how it ſteals away,
My Father in his habit as he liv'd,
Look where he goes, even now out at the portal. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodileſs creation extaſie is very cunning in.
Ham. My pulſe as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful Muſick: it is not madneſs
That I have uttered, bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word, which madneſs
Cannot do. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your Soul,
That not your treſpaſs but my madneſs ſpeaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption mining all within
Infects unſeen: confeſs your ſelf to Heaven,
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come,
'And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
'To make them ranker: forgive me this my vertue,
'For in the fatneſs of theſe purſie times
'Vertue it ſelf of vice muſt pardon beg,
'Yea curb and woe for leave to do him good.
Queen. O *Hamlet*, thou haſt cleft my heart.
Ham. Then throw away the worſer part of it,
And leave the purer with the other half.
Good night, but go not to my Uncle's bed,
Aſſume a vertue if you have it not. Once more good night.
'That monſter cuſtom, who all Senſe doth Eat,
'Of habits Devil, is Angel yet in this,
'That to the uſe of Actions fair and good
'He likewiſe gives a frock or livery
'That aptly is put on: refrain to night,
'And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
'To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſie;
'For uſe almoſt can change the ſtamp of nature,
'And maſter the Devil, or throw him out
'With wonderous potency: Once more good night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt
I'll bleſſing beg of you: for this ſame Lord
I do repent, but Heaven hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,

That

That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter,
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him; ſo again good night.
I muſt be cruel only to be kind,
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.
One word more, good Lady.

Queen. What ſhall I do?

'*Ham.* Not this by no means that I bid you do,
Let not the King tempt you to bed again,
' Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mouſe,
' And let him not for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
' Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft; " 'twere good you let him know;
' For who that's but Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
' Would from a paddock, from a Bat, a Gib,
' Such dear concernings hide? who would do ſo?
' No, in deſpite of Senſe and Secriſie
' Unpeg the basket on the houſes top,
' Let the birds flie, and like the famous Ape,
' To try the concluſions in the basket creep,
' And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou aſſur'd if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that.

Queen. Alack I had forgot,
'Tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. There's Letters ſeal'd, and my two School-fellows,
' Whom I will truſt as I will Adders fang'd,
' They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
' And marſhal me to knavery; let it work,
' For 'tis the ſport to have the Engineer
' Hoiſt with his own petar, and't ſhall go hard
' But I will delve one yard below their Mines,
' And blow them at the Moon: O 'tis moſt ſweet
' When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man will ſet me packing,
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother good night indeed, this Counſeller
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt Secret, and moſt grave,
Who was in's life a moſt fooliſh prating knave.
Come Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, Mother. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King and Queen with Rosencraus *and* Guildenstern.

King. THere's matter in these Sighs, these profound Heaves,
You must Translate, 'tis fit we understand them :
Where is your Son ?
Queen Bestow this place on us a little while. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.
Ah mine own Lord, what have I seen to night ?
King. What *Gertrard*, how does *Hamlet* ?
Queen. Mad as the Sea and Wind when both contend
Which is the Mightier in his Lawless fit,
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in this Brainish Apprehension kills
The unseen Good old Man.
King. O heavy deed !
It had been so with us had we been there,
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your self, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this Bloody Deed be answered ?
It will be laid to us, whose Providence
Should have restrain'd
This mad Young-Man : but so much was our Love
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life : where is he gone ?
Queen. To draw apart the Body he hath kill'd,
O're whom his very madness like some Ore
Among a mineral of metal base,
Shews it self pure, he weeps for what is done.
King. *Gertrard* come away,
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch
But we will Ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Majesty and skill, [*Enter* Ros. *and* Guild.
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, *Guildenstern*,
Friends both, go joyn with you some further Aid,
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his Mother's Closet hath he drag'd him,
Go seek him out, speak fair and bring the Body
Into the Chapel ; I pray you hast in this :
Come, *Gertrard*, we'll call up our wisest friends,

And

And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.
Whoſe whiſper o're the World's Diameter,
As level as the Cannon to his blank
'Tranſports his poiſoned ſhot, may miſs our name,
'And hit the woundleſs Air: O come away,
'My Soul is full of diſcord and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, *and others.*

Ham. Safely ſtow'd: what noiſe? who calls *Hamlet*?
O here they come.

Roſ. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead Body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto it is a-kin.

Roſ. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Roſ. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counſel and not mine own; beſides, to be demanded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the Son of a King?

Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge, my Lord?

Ham. I Sir, that ſokes up the King's Countenance, his rewards, his authorities: but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end, he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but ſqueeſing you, and ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Roſ. I underſtand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a Knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a Fooliſh ear.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell us where the Body is, and go with us to the King.

'*Ham.* The Body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body: 'the King is a thing.

Guil. 'A thing, my Lord?

'*Ham.* Of nothing, "bring me to him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King and two or three.

King. I have ſent to ſeek him, and to find the Body;
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe?
Yet muſt we not put the ſtrong Law on him,
He's Lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their Eyes,
And where 'tis ſo th' offenders ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence: to bear all ſmooth and even,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe; diſeaſes deſperate grown
By deſperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter

Enter Rosencraus, *and all the rest.*

'*King.* How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead Body is bestow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, bring in the Lord *Hamlet.* [*They enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper; where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him: " your worm is your only Emperour 'for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for 'maggots; your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas! Alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of 'the fish that hath fed of that worm.

'*King.* What do'st thou mean by this?

'*Ham.* Nothing, but to shew you how a King may go a progress 'through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In Heaven, send thither to see, if your messenger find him not there, seek him i'th' other place your self: but indeed if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy self,
The Bark is ready, and the wind sits fair,
'Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England*?

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them: but come, for *England*:
Farewel, dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father, *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother.
Come, for *England.*

King. Follow him.

Tempt

Tempt him with ſpeed aboard,
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night:
Away, for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on the affair; "pray you make haſte:
'And *England*, if my preſent Love thou holdſt at ought,
'As my great power thereof may give thee Senſe,
'Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
'After the *Daniſh* Sword, and thy free awe
'Pays homage to us, thou may'ſt not coldly let
'Our Soveraign proceſs, which imports at full
'By Letters congruing to that effect
'The preſent death of *Hamlet*, do it *England*,
'For like the Hectick in my blood he rages,
'And thou muſt cure me: till I know 'tis done,
'How e're my haps, my joys will ne're begin. [*Exit.*

Enter Fortinbraſs *with his Army over the Stage.*

'*Fort.* Go, Captain, from me greet the *Daniſh* King,
'Tell him that by his licenſe *Fortinbraſs*
'Craves the conveyance of a promiſed march
'Over his Kingdom; you know the rendezvous,
'If that his Majeſty would ought with us
'We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
'And let him know ſo.
'*Capt.* I will do't, my Lord.
'*Fort.* Go ſoftly on.

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, *&c.*

'*Ham.* Good Sir, whoſe powers are theſe?
'*Capt.* They are of *Norway*, Sir.
'*Ham.* How propos'd, Sir, I pray you?
'*Capt.* Againſt ſome part of *Poland.*
'*Ham.* Who commands them, Sir?
'*Capt.* The Nephew of old *Norway, Fortinbraſs.*
'*Ham.* Goes it againſt the main of *Poland*, Sir,
'Or for ſome frontier?
'*Capt.* Truly to ſpeak, and with no addition,
'We go to gain a little patch of ground
'That hath in it no profit but the name,
'To pay five duckets, five I would not farm it,
'Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*
'A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.
'*Ham.* Why then the *Pollock* never will defend it.
'*Capt.* Nay 'tis already garriſon'd.
'*Ham.* Two thouſand Souls, and 20000 duckets
'Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
'This is th' impoſthume of much wealth and peace,
'That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
'Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

'*Capt.* God b'w'ye, Sir.
'*Ros.* Wil't pleaſe you go, my Lord?
'*Ham.* I'll be with you ſtraight, go a little before.
'How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
'And ſpur my dull revenge? What is a man,
'If his chief good and market of his time
'Be but to ſleep and feed? a beaſt, no more.
'Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
'Looking before and after, gave us not
'That capability and God-like reaſon
'To fuſt in us unus'd: now whether it be
'Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
'Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
'A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wiſdom,
'And ever three parts coward: I do not know
'Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do,
'Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
'To do't: examples groſs as earth exhort me,
'Witneſs this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
'Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
'Whoſe ſpirit with divine ambition puſt
'Makes mouths at the inviſible event,
'Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
'To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
'Even for an egg-ſhell. Rightly to be great
'Is not to ſtir without great argument,
'But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
'When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
'That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
'Excitements of my reaſon and my blood,
'And let all ſleep, while to my ſhame I ſee
'The eminent death of twenty thouſand men,
'That for fantaſie and trick of fame
'Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
'Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
'Which is not tomb enough and continent
'To hide the ſlain? O from this time forth,
'My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [*Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, *and a Gentleman.*

Queen. I will not ſpeak with her.
Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed diſtracted, and deſerves pity.
Queen. What would ſhe have?
Gent. She ſpeaks much of her Father, ſays ſhe hears
There's tricks i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws, ſpeaks things in doubt
That carry but half Senſe, her ſpeech is nothing,

Yet

Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection, " they yawn at it,
' And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
' Which as winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
' Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
' Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in. [*Enter* Ophelia.

' *Queen.* To my ſick Soul, as ſin's true nature is,
' Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs,
' So full of artleſs jealouſie is guilt,
' It ſpils it ſelf in fearing to be ſpilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous Majeſty of *Denmark*?

Queen. How now, *Ophelia*? [*She Sings.*

Ophel. How ſhould I your true Love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and by his ſendal ſhoon.

Queen. Alas! ſweet Lady, what imports this Song?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you mark.
He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone, [*Song.*
At his head a graſs-green turf, at his heels a ſtone.
O ho.

Queen. Nay but, *Ophelia*.

Ophel. Pray you mark. White his ſhrowd as the mountain ſnow.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Ophel. Larded all with ſweet flowers, [*Song.*
Which beweept to the ground did not go
With true Love ſhowers.

King. How do you, pretty Lady?

Ophel. Well, good dild you, they ſay the Owl was a Baker's daughter: we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Ophel. Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, ſay you this.
To morrow is S. *Valentine*'s-day [*Song.*
All in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your window
To be your Valentine.
' Then up he roſe and dond his cloathes, and dupt the Chamber-door,
' Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

King. Pretty, *Ophelia*.

Ophel. Indeed without an oath, I'll make an end on't.
By gis and by Saint Charity,
alack and fie for ſhame,
Young men will do't if they come to't,
by cock they are to blame.

'Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me, you promis'd me to wed.
'(He anſwers.) So ſhould I have done, by yonder Sun,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe been thus?

Ophel. I hope all will be well, we muſt be patient; but I cannot chuſe but weep to think they would lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel.
Come my Coach, good night Ladies, good night,
Sweet Ladies, good night, good night.

King. Follow her cloſe, give her good watch I pray you.
O this is the Poiſon of deep grief, it ſprings all from her father's death:
And now behold, O *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions: firſt, her father ſlain,
Next, your Son gone, and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholſom in thoughts and whiſpers
For good *Polonius*'s death, and we have done but
Obſcurely to interr him; poor *Ophelia*
Divided from her ſelf and her fair Judgment,
Without which we are but pictures, or meer beaſts.
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her Brother is in Secret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not whiſpers to infect his Ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his father's death,
'Wherein neceſſity of matter begger'd
'Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraign
'In ear and ear: "O my dear *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murdering-piece in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death. [*A noiſe within.*

Enter Meſſengers.

King. Where are my Swiſſers? let them guard the door,
What is the matter?

Meſſen. Save your ſelf, my Lord.
The Ocean over-peering of his liſt
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head
O're-bears your officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the World were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry chuſe we *Laertes* for our King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King.

'*Queen.* How chearfully on the falſe tail they cry, [*A noiſe within.*
'O this is counter, you falſe *Daniſh* dogs.

Enter

Enter Laertes *with others.*

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs, ſtand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you, keep the door. O thou vile King
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me baſtard,
Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaſt brows
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe, *Laertes,*
That thy Rebellion looks ſo Giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrard,* do not fear our perſon,
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon dares not reach at what it would,
Acts little of his will: tell me, *Laertes,*
Why thou are thus incenſt: let him go, *Gertrard.*
Speak man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be jugled with:
To hell allegiance, vows to the blackeſt Devil,
' Conſcience and grace to the profoundeſt pit,
' I dare Damnation, " to this point I ſtand,
That both the Worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the Worlds:
And for my means I'll Husband them ſo well
They ſhall go far with little.

King. Will you in revenge of your
Dear father's death deſtroy both friend and foe?

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To this, good friends, thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican
Relieve them with my blood.

King. Why now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſible in grief for it,

It ſhall as level to your judgment lye
As day does to your eye. [*A noiſe within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
'How now? what noiſe is that?
'O heat dry up my brains, tears ſeven times ſalt
'Burn out the Senſe and Vertue of mine eye:
By Heaven" thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight
Till our ſcale turn the beam. O Roſe of *May*!
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*!
O Heavens! is't poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortal as a ſick man's life!

Ophel. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Bier, [*Song.*
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
Fare you well, my Dove.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſwade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophel. You muſt ſing a down, a down,
And you call him a down a. O how the wheel becomes it,
It is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his Maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing is much more than matter.

Ophel. There's Roſemary, that's for remembrance; pray you Love remember, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophel. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines, there's Rew for you, and here's ſome for me, we may call it Herb of Grace a *Sundays*, you may wear your Rew with a difference; there's a Daſie: I would give you ſome Violets, but they withered all when my father died: they ſay he made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thoughts and afflictions, paſſion, hell it ſelf
She turns to favour and to prettineſs.

Ophel. And will he not come again, [*Song.*
'And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away moan,
And peace be with his Soul, and with all Lovers Souls.

King. *Laertes* I muſt ſhare in your grief,
Or you deny me right; go but a part.
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us toucht, we will our Kingdom give,
'Our Crown, our life and all that we call ours

To

To you in ſatisfaction; but if not
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall joyntly labour with your Soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His means of death, his obſcure funeral,
No Trophy, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation
Cry to be heard as'twere from Earth to Heaven,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall,
And where th' offence is let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio *and others.*

Hora. What are they that would ſpeak with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men, Sir, they ſay they have Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the World
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.* [*Enter Saylors.*

Say. Save you, Sir.

Say. There's a Letter for you, Sir, it came from the Embaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hora. Horatio, when thou ſhalt have over-lookt this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the King, they have Letters for him. E're we were two days old at Sea, a Pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chaſe. Finding our ſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compelled Valour, and in the Grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant they got clear of our Ship, ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me like Thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a turn for them. Let the King have the Letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much ſpeed as thou wouldſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thine Ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter, theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am. *Roſencrans* and *Guildenſtern* hold their courſe for *England*, of them I have much to tell thee.
Farewel. *Hamlet.*

Hor. Come, I will make you way for theſe your Letters,
And do't the ſpeedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance Seal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing Ear,
That he who hath your noble Father ſlain
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me

Why

Why you proceed not against these feats
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stir'd up.

King. For two special reasons,
Which may perhaps to you seem weak,
But yet to me they're strong: the Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for my self,
My vertue or my plague, be it either,
She is so precious to my Life and Soul,
That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her: the other motive
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great Love the people bear him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
' Convert his gyves to graces, so that my arrows
' Too slightly timbered for so loved arms,
' Would have reverted to my bow again,
' But not where I have aim'd them.

Laer. And so I have a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on the mount of all the Age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that, you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beards be shook with danger,
And think it pastime: you shortly shall hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our self,
' And that I hope will teack you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Mess. These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? who brought them?

Mess. Saylors, my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were given me by *Claudio*, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall hear them: leave us. [*Exeunt*.

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdom: to morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly Eyes, when I shall [first asking you pardon] thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden return.

King. What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s Character. Naked!
And in a postscript here he says alone,

Can

Can you advise me?
Laer. I am lost in't, my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.
King. If it be so, *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise?
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I, my Lord, so you will not o're-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall,
And for his death no wind of blame shall breath,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.
Laer. My Lord, I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the instrument.
King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of since your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet*'s hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
' As did that one, and that in my regard
' Of the unworthiest siege.
Laer. What part is that, my Lord?
King. A very Feather in the cap of youth,
' Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
' The light and careless Livery that it wears,
' Than setled Age his sables, and his weeds,
' Importing health and graveness: " two months since
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I have seen my self, and serv'd against the *French*,
And they can well on horse-back; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he topt my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.
Laer. A *Norman* was't?
King. A *Norman*.
Laer. Upon my life, *Lamord*.
King. The very same.
Laer. I know him well, he is indeed

The gem of all the Nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your Rapier moſt eſpecially,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a ſight indeed
If one could match you: the Fencers of their Nation
He ſwore had neither motion, guard, nor Eye
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenome with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o're to play with you.
Now out of this.
Laer. What out of this, my Lord?
King. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think you did not Love your Father,
'But that I know Love is begun by time,
'And that I ſee in paſſages of proof,
'Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it;
'There lives within the very flame of Love
'A kind of wiek or ſnuff that will abate it,
'And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
'For goodneſs growing to a pleuriſie,
'Dies in his own too much, that we would do,
'We ſhould do when we would: for this *would* changes,
'And hath abatements and delays as many
'As there are Tongues, are Hands, are accidents,
'And then this *Should* is like a ſpend-thrift-ſigh,
'That hurts by eaſing: " but to the quick of th' Ulcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake
To ſhew your ſelf indeed your Father's Son
More than in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.
King. No place indeed ſhould protect a Murderer,
Revenge ſhould have no Bounds: but, good *Laertes*,
Keep cloſe within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd ſhall know you are come home,
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o're your heads; he being remiſs,
Moſt generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils, ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe

A Sword unbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your Father.
Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpose I'll Anoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mountebank
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasm so rare
Collected from all Simples that have vertue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratcht withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly it may be death.
King. Let's further think of this,
'Weigh what conveyance both of time and means,
'May fit us to our shape if this should fail,
'And that our drift look through our bad performance
''Twere better not assay'd. Therefore this project
'Should have a back or second, that might hold
'If this did blast in proof: ''soft let me see,
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,
I have't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the purpose, whereon but tasting,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise? [*Enter Queen.*
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd! O where?
Queen. There is a willow growing o're a Brook,
That shews his hoary leaves in the glassie stream,
Near which fantastick garlands she did make
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
'That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
'But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers call them,
There on the boughs her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious shiver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and her self
Fell in the weeping Brook, "her cloaths spred wide,
'And Mermaid-like a while they bore her up,
'Which time she chanted remnants of old lauds,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the gentle maid from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas! then is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick, Nature her Cuſtom holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; " when theſe are gone
' The woman will be out. " Adieu, my Lord,
I have a fire that fain would blaſe,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, *Gertrard*;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now I fear this will give it ſtart again,
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter two Clowns with Spades and Mattocks.

Clow. IS ſhe to be buried in Chriſtian burial, when ſhe wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

Oth. I tell thee ſhe is, therefore make her Grave ſtraight, the Crowner hath ſet on her, and finds it Chriſtian burial.

Clow. How can that be, unleſs ſhe drown'd her ſelf in her own defence?

Oth. Why 'tis found ſo.

Clow. It muſt be ſo offended, it cannot be elſe; for here lies the point, if I drown my ſelf wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three branches, it is to Act, to do, and to perform, or all; ſhe drown'd her ſelf wittingly.

Oth. Nay but hear you, goodman delver.

Clow. Give me leave, here lies the water, good; here ſtands the man, good; if the man go to this water and drown himſelf, it is will he nill he; he goes, mark you that: but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himſelf: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

Oth. But is this Law?

Clow. I marry is't, Crowners Queſt-Law.

Oth. Will you have the truth on't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman ſhe ſhould have been buried without Chriſtian burial.

Clow. Why there thou ſay'ſt, and the more pitty that great folk ſhould have Countenance in this World to Drown or Hang themſelves more than we: Come, my Spade, there is no Accident Gentleman but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

Oth. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow.

Clow. He was the firſt that ever bore arms.
I'll put another queſtion to thee, if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thy ſelf.

Oth. Go to.

Clow. What is he that builds ſtronger than either the Maſon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Oth. The Gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thouſand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well, the Gallows does well, but how does it well? It does well to thoſe that do ill; now thou do'ſt ill to ſay the Gallows is built ſtronger than the Church: argal, the Gollows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Oth. Who builds ſtronger than a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clow. I, tell me that, and unyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell,

Clow. To't.

Oth. Maſs I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull Aſs will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this queſtion next, ſay a Grave-maker, the houſes he maks laſt till Doomſday.
Go get thee in, and fetch me a ſtoop of liquor.

In youth when I did love, did love, [*Song.*
Methought it was very ſweet
To contract O the time for a my behove,
O methought there was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Has this Fellow no feeling in his buſineſs? he ſings in Grave-making.

Hora. Cuſtom hath made it in him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo, the hand of little employment hath the dainter ſenſe.

Clow. But age with ſtealing ſteps [*Song.*
hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath ſhipped into the Land,
as if I never had been ſuch.

Ham. That skull had a Tongue in it, and could ſing once, how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere *Cain*'s jaw-bone, that did the firſt Murther: this might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Aſs now o're-reaches, one that would circumvent Heaven, might it not?

Hora. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay, good morrow, my Lord, how do'ſt thou, ſweet Lord? this might be my Lord ſuch a one, that praiſed my Lord ſuch a one's horſe when he ment to beg him, might it not?

Hora. I, my Lord.

'*Ham.* Why e'en ſo, and now my Lady worms Choples, and 'knockt about the mazer with a Sexton's Spade; " here's a fine revo-

revolution, and we had the trick to ſee't; did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding but to play at Loggits with them? mine ake to think on't.

Clow. A pickax and a ſpade, a ſpade,
for and a ſhrowding ſheet,
O a pit of clay for to be made
for ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quilities, his caſes, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this mad knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his ſtatutes, his recogniſances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes and doubles, than the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Land will ſcarcely lie in this box, and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hora. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. 'Is not Parchment made of ſheep-skins?

Hora. 'I, my Lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. 'They are ſheep and calves which ſeek out aſſurance in that." I will ſpeak to this fellow: Whoſe grave's this, ſirrah?

Clow. Mine, Sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I think it's thine indeed, for thou ly'ſt in't.

Clow. You lye out on't, Sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part I do not lye in't, yet it's mine.

Ham. Thou do'ſt lye in't, to be in't and ſay it is thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'ſt.

Clow. 'Tis a quick lye, Sir, 'twill again from me to you.

Ham. What man do'ſt thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman, Sir, but reſt her Soul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is, we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. *Horatio* this three years I have took notice of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the Peaſant comes ſo near the heel of the Courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a Gravemaker?

Clow. Of all the days i'th' year I came to't that day our laſt King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbraſs.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad and ſent into *England.*

Ham.

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into *England*?

Clow. Why? becauſe he was mad, he ſhall recover his wits there, or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. 'Twill not be ſeen in him there, there are men as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clow. Faith e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmark*: where I have been Sexton, man and boy thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' Earth e're he rot?

Clow. Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky coarſes that will ſcarſe hold the laying in, he will laſt you ſome eight years, or nine years: a Tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clow. Why, Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body: here's a skull now hath lien you i'th earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clow. A whorſon mad fellow's it was, whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once; this ſame skull, Sir, was Sir *Yorick*'s skull, the King's Jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick*! I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy, he hath born me on his back a thouſand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is? my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips that I have kiſt I know not how oft: where be your jibes now, your Jeſts, your Songs, your Flaſhes of Merriment, that were wont to ſet the Table on a roar? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfaln? Now get you to my Ladies Table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this ſavour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that.

Prethee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think *Alexander* lookt on this faſhion i'th' Earth?

Hora. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? pah.

Hora. E'en ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, *Horatio*! why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander* till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole.

Hora

Hora. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was converted might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the World in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expel the waters flaw!
But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King. [*Enter King,*
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow, [*Queen,* La-
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken, [ertes, *and*
The coarse they follow did with desperate hand [*the Coarse.*
Fordo its own life, 'twere of some estate:
Stand by a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doct. Her Obseqies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o're-sways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified been lodg'd:
For charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must their no more be done?

Doct. No more:
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest
A ministering Angel shall my Sister be
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What? the fair *Ophelia*?

Queen. Sweet to the sweet, farewel,
I hop'd thou should'st have been my *Hamlet*'s wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe!
Fall ten times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deeds depriv'd thee of
Thy most ingenuous Sense: hold off the earth a while,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T'oretop old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. Wh . is he whoſe grief
Bears ſuch an emphaſis, whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? 'tis I,
Hamlet the *Dane*.

Laer. Perdition catch thee.

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well: I prethee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not ſpleenative and raſh,
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear; hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder.

Queen. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this theam
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my ſon, what theam?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*, forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum: What wilt thou do for her?

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Queen. Forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou'lt do,
Wilt weep, wilt fight, wilt faſt, wilt tear thy ſelf,
Wilt drink up Eſil, eat a Crocodile?
I'll do't; doeſt thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart; nay, and thou'lt mouth
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is meer madneſs,
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon as patient as a female Doe,
When firſt her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Hear you Sir,
What is the reaſon you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may

The Cat will mew, a Dog will have his day. [*Exit* Hamlet

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait upon him. [*and* Horatio.

Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good *Gertrard* set some watch over your son,
This Grave shall have a living monument,
' An hour of quiet thereby shall we see,
' Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir, you shall now see the other:
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hora. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep, " methought I lay
' Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
' And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do fall, and that should learn us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabbin,
My Sea-gown wrapt about me, in the dark
I grop'd to find out them, had my desire,
Reach'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unfold
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
An exact command,
' Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
' Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* too,
' With hoe such Bugs and Goblins in my life;
' That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
' No not to stay the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.

Hora. Is't possible.

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure:
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hora. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villains,
E're I could make a Prologue to my brains
They had begun the Play: I sate me down,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our Statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but Sir now
It did me Yeomans service; wilt thou know

Th'

Th' effect of what I wrote?
Hora. I good my Lord.
Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the Palm might flouriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,
' And ſtand a *Comma* 'tween their amities,
' And many ſuch like, as Sir of great charge,
That on the view of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſs
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſudden death,
' Not ſhriving time allow'd.
Hora. How was this ſeal'd?
Ham. Why even in that was heaven ordinant:
I had my father's Signet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* Seal,
Folded the Writ up in the form of th' other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave't th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changling never known: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou knoweſt already.
Hora. So *Guildenſtern* and *Roſencraus* went to't.
Ham. They are not near my conſcience, their defeat
Does by their own inſinuation grow;
' 'Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
' Between the paſs and fell incenſed point,
' Of mighty oppoſites.
Hora. Why what a King is this!
Ham. Does it not, think you, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Stept in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coſenage, i'st not perfect conſcience? [*Enter a Courtier.*
Court. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to *Denmark.*
Ham. I humbly thank you Sir,
Doeſt know this water flie?
Hora. No my good Lord.
Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him; he hath much land and firtle, let a beaſt be Lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the King's meſs; 'tis a chough, but as I ſay ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.
Court. Sweet Lord, if your Lordſhip were at leiſure I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.
Ham. I will receive it, Sir, with all diligence of ſpirit; your bonnet to his right uſe, 'tis for the head.
Court. I thank your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.
Ham. No believe me 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Court. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very ſoultry and hot, for my complection.

Court. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very ſoultry, as twere I cannot tell how. My Lord, his Majeſty bad me ſignifie unto you, that he has laid a great wager on your head, Sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beſeech you remember.

Court. Nay good my Lord, for my eaſe. Sir here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, believe me an abſolute Gentleman, full of moſt excellent differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhew: indeed, to ſpeak feelingly of him, he is the Card or Kalendar of Gentry, for you ſhall find in him the ſubſtance of what part a Gentleman would ſee.

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no loſs in you, though I know to divide him inventorially, would dizzy th' arithmetick of memory, and yet but raw neither in reſpect of his quick ſail? but in the verity of extolment I take him to be a ſoul of great article, and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſs, as to make true diction of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour, and who elſe would trace him, his umbrage nothing more.

Court. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy Sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our rawer breath?

Court. Sir.

Hora. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue, you will do't Sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Court. Of *Laertes*?

Ham. His purſe is empty already, all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him Sir.

Court. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did Sir, yet if you did it would not much approve me: well Sir.

Court. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himſelf.

Court. I mean Sir for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Court. Single Rapier.

The King Sir hath wager'd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt the which he has impawn'd as I take it ſix *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their aſſigns, as Girdle, Hanger, and ſo: three of the carriages are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you muſt be edified by the margin e're you had done.

Court. The carriages Sir are the Hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more german to the matter if we could carry

carry a cannon by our ſides, I would it might be hangers till then: but on, ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt ſix *French* ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet againſt the *Daniſh*, why is this all you call it?

Court. The King Sir, hath laid Sir, that in a dozen paſſes between your ſelf and him he ſhall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer no?

Court. I mean my Lord the oppoſition of your Perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir I will walk here in the Hall, if it pleaſe his Majeſty, it is the breathing time of the day with me, let the foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my ſhame and the odd hits.

Court. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Court. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip.

Ham. Yours does well to commend it ſelf, there are no tongues elſe for his turn.

Hora. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

'*Ham.* He did ſo Sir with his dug before he ſuckt it; "thus has he and many more of the ſame breed that I know, the droſſie age dotes on, only get the tune of the time, and out of the habit of incounter, a kind of miſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt profane and renowned opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majeſty commended him to you by young *Oſtrick* who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the King's pleaſure; if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready, now or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen deſires you to uſe ſome gentle entertainment to *Laertes* before you go to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me.

Hora. You will loſe my Lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo, ſince he went into *France* I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds: thou wouldeſt not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham It is but fooliry, but it is ſuch a kind of boding as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind diſlike any thing obey it, I will foreſtall their repair

pair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury, " there is a special providence in ' the fall of a Sparrow: if it be, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it ' will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readiness is all, since ' no man ofought he leaves knows what 'tis to leave betimes, let be

A Table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with cushions, King, Queen, and all the State, Foils, Daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: this presence knows,
And you must needs have heard how I am punisht
With a sore distraction; what I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? never *Hamlet*;
If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madness: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madness is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy;
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o're the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge, " but in my terms of honour
' I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
' Till by some elder Masters of known honour
' I have a voice and president of peace
' To my name ungor'd: but all that time"
I do receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brother's wager
Frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i' th' darkest night
Appear.

Laer. You mock me Sir.

Ham. No on my honour.

King. Give them the foils, young *Ostrick*: cousin *Hamlet*,
You know the wager.

King. Very well my Lord:
Your Grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

King.

King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both,
But ſince he is better we have therefore odds.
Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well, theſe foils have all a length.
Oſtr. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the ſtoops of wine upon the table;
If *Hamlet* give the firſt or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire;
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath,
And in the cup an Onyx ſhall he throw
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmarks* Crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet ſpeak,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens the Heavens to Earth.
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet:* come begin, [*Trumpets*
And you the Judges bear a wary eye. [*the while.*
Ham. Come on Sir.
Laer. Come my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgment.
Oſtr. A hit, a very palpable hit. [*Drums, Trumpets, and Shot,*
Laer. Well again. [*Flouriſh, a Piece goes off.*
King. Stay, give me drink, *Hamlet* this pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health: give him the cup.
Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while.
Come, another hit, what ſay you?
Laer. I do confeſs't.
King. Our ſon ſhall win.
Queen. He's fat and ſcant of breath.
Here *Hamlet*, take my Handkerchief, wipe thy brows:
The Queen ſalutes thy fortune *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrard* do not drink.
Queen. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poiſoned cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drink yet Madam, by and by.
Queen. Come let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.
Ham. Come, for the third *Laertes*, you do but dally,
I pray you paſs with your beſt violence,
I am ſure you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? come on.

Oſtr.

Oſtr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
King. Part them, they are incens't.
Ham. Nay come again.
Oſtr. Look to the Queen there ho.
Hora. They bleed on both ſides, how is't my Lord?
Oſtr. How is't *Laertes*?
Laer. Why as a woodcock in mine own ſprindge *Oſtrick*,
I am juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.
Queen. No no the drink, the drink, O my dear *Hamlet*,
The drink the drink, I am poiſoned.
Ham. O villain! ho let the door be lockt,
Treachery, ſeek it out.
Laer. It is here *Hamlet*; thou art ſlain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hours life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in my hand,
Unbated and envenom'd, the foul practice
Hath turn'd it ſelf on me; lo here I lie
Never to riſe again: thy mothers poiſon'd,
I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The Point envenom'd too, then venom to thy work.
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here thou inceſtuous *Dane*,
'Drink off this potion: is the Onyx here?
Follow my mother.
'*Laer.* He is juſtly ſerv'd, it is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.
Exchange forgiveneſs with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me. [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee:
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen farewel.
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant Death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt) O I could tell you;
But let it be: *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liveſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.
Hora. Never believe it.
I am more an antick *Roman* than a *Dane*,
Here's yet ſome liquor left.
Ham. As th' art a man
Give me the cup, let go, I'll have't:

O *Horatio* what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall I leave behind me ?
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my ſtory : what warlike noiſe is this? [*A march afar off.*

Enter Oſtrick.

Oſtr. Young *Fortinbraſs* with conqueſt come from *Poland*,
Th' Embaſſadors of *England* give this warlike volley.
Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poiſon quite o'regrows my ſpirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*,
But I do prophesie the Election lights
On *Fortinbraſs*; he has my dying voice,
So tell him with th' occurrents more and leſs
Which have ſolicited : the reſt in ſilence.
Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night ſweet Prince,
And choires of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt.
Why does the drum come hither ?

Enter Fortinbraſs *with the Embaſſadors.*

Fort. Where is this ſight ?
Hora. What is it you would ſee ?
If ought of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch ?
Fort. " This quarry cries on havock : " O proud death,
What feaſt is toward in thine infernal Cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloodily haſt ſtrook ?
Embaſſ The ſight is diſmal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late,
The Ears are ſenſleſs that ſhould give us hearing.
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Roſencrans* and *Guildenſtern* are dead,
Where ſhould we have our thanks ?
Hora. Not from his mouth.
Had it th' ability of breath to thank you,
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince ſo apt upon this bloody queſtion
You from the *Pollack* Wars, and you from *England*
Are here arrived, give order that theſe bodies
High on a Stage be placed to publick view,
And let me ſpeak to the yet unknowing world
How theſe things came about ; ſo ſhall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on the inventors heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Nobless to the audience:
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which now to claim my interest doth invite me.

Hora. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. "Let four Captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the Stage,
For he was likely had he been put on,
T'have prov'd most Royal: and for his passage,
The Souldier's Musick and the Right of War
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the Bodies; such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss.
"Go bid the Souldiers Shoot. [*Exeunt.*

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